

The Improvement Era

AUGUST 1949

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Above: the new Beacon-Laurelcrest Ward Chapel, located at Ramona Ave. and Twenty-first East, designed by Woods and Woods, architects, and built by Jensen Brothers Construction Company. Constructed of No. 12 red stretcher facing brick.

EXPLORING THE Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

A NEW chlorine compound can be suspended in a bag in the toilet reservoir which by treating the flushing water will keep the bowl free from stains and bacteria for six months with one chemical change.

THE Sandoe bridge in Sweden has the longest concrete arch in the world with 866 feet long main arch of reinforced concrete. This 3,200-yard-long bridge was opened in 1943 and carries the highway across the Angerman river on the road between Stockholm and Haparanda.

A NEW deodorant called "Metazene" which destroys odors by combining with the sulfur and nitrogen compounds which are responsible for so many unpleasant odors, instead of masking them, is undergoing final tests. The compound which is non-poisonous and non-inflammable and non-corrosive can be sprayed into the air in a liquid mist under pressure from freon gas.

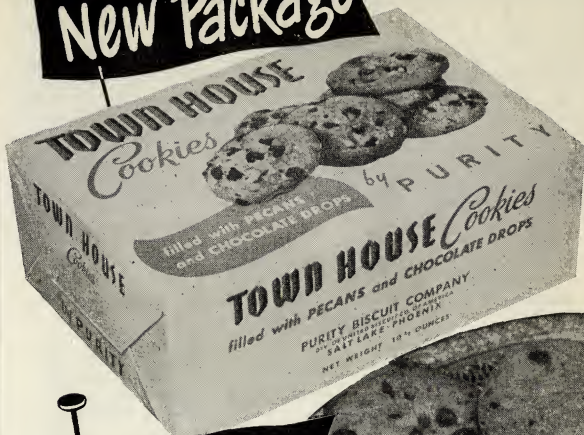
IRON nuts are being made in Europe by compacting powdered iron around a threaded insert, which when unscrewed forms threads. The nut of powdered iron is then heated to bond the powder together.

POLE beans require 850 hours of man labor an acre to produce and harvest in Utah, the most of any crop. Onions require four hundred, tomatoes two hundred, sweet corn one hundred, and alfalfa about twenty-five hours of labor.

IN some flies the increase of metabolism in flight over that at rest may be 100 times, for the hawk moth and bee about 40 times, and with man in a state of extreme exertion 10 to 14 times that of normal resting, but man can only maintain this for a few seconds at a time. The flight muscles of flying insects twitch rapidly 160 to 200 times a second in blowflies, 300 to 400 in some bees and wasps. A deft pianist cannot contact the muscles on the hand more than 10 times a second. For the hawk moth to fly, a body temperature of 86° F. in the thorax is necessary and so they have to warm up by vibrating their wings before trying to take off, in flight the temperature will exceed 104° F.

AUGUST 1949

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• Salt Lake — Phoenix



August
1949

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VOLUME 52
NUMBER 8

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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—Photograph by Gladys M. Relyea

Summertime at the park

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The Cover

THE rustle of the corn in the mild August breezes and its golden goodness typify the ease and beauty that endear this last of the summer months. This photograph is by Fritz Henle from Monkmeyer and was adapted to cover use by Charles Jacobsen.

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FAITH, FEAR, AND THE BATTLE OF IDEAS

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM

Head of Political Science Department,
University of Utah

WHEN the history of postwar America, 1945-49, is written, it may be recorded that the most widely advertised item in the United States was communism. Every metropolitan newspaper gives it large free space in the news columns. Every columnist and editorial writer fills his column with warnings and exhortations. From pulpit, radio, luncheon club, and intimate social circle issues a never-ending stream of discussion. I think back on my personal missionary experience. If only, somehow, we lonely missionaries from "Utah" could have produced such publicity for our cause. If the 60,000 to 75,000 communist "missionaries" in the United States are human, how they must exult in the daily features, the free advertising, their movement receives!

As a result, the nature, tenets, and personalities of Russian-inspired international communism are probably better known to the rising generation than the nature, tenets, and personalities of the Christian religion, democracy, or of scientific development. It is possible that only Joe Palooka, Dick Tracy, and Lil' Abner, their wills and ways, are as commonplace as the goings and comings of Stalin, Molotov, Vishinsky, et al. This may not be actually true, but the net impact of what daily fills the air is certain to have some impression.

TOGETHER with this phenomenal publicity has grown an atmosphere of fear. Prominent speakers warn their women's club audiences about the "danger" to "American principles." Men and women in high places and low are suspected of "dangerous" thoughts. No one can discount the dangers of the Russian-inspired materialist faith that is called communism. But thinking citizens may well question whether fear, hysteria, loyalty investigations, and fulsome oaths are the way to combat such a menace. In any event, totalitarian methods should be avoided in coping with the totalitarian menace. We should remember the futility of the Inquisition.

THE Russian state of Lenin and Stalin appeared as the first one-party totalitarian state of the twentieth

century. Those who refused to think as the party directed were beaten, killed, exiled, or frozen by fear into submissive silence. It is the history of religious and political thought that no man can be forced to think another's thoughts against his will. He may be persuaded, bribed, and beaten. But if he, like John Huss, St. Paul, Galileo, or Joan of Arc, insists on the integrity of individual conscience, death itself will not change his view. The founders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints well remembered this experience. On August 17, 1835, they adopted a declaration of belief which stated:

We believe that no government can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience. . . . (D. & C. 134:2.)

Governments, whether of church or state, can exist where freedom of conscience is violated—as witness the modern world scene. But they do not exist in peace. They are held together by fear, regimentation, thought control, and all the arts of propaganda, secret police, and neighbor spying upon neighbor. This is not peace. Persecution against conscience cannot be tolerated. From Roger Williams down, this has been the American inheritance. It may be a hard thought to some, but freedom of conscience, even for communists and their ilk, must be maintained in America. This does not mean that communists are free to act contrary to the interests of law and good order. But in the long run it is as important for a communist to have freedom of conscience in America as it is for a non-communist to have freedom of conscience in Russia. The cause of freedom in the world will not be served should American government suspend the Constitution, and force everyone to think alike.

THE real menace attached to current communism, is the atmosphere of fear. No amount of patriotic shouting about Americanism, no witch hunts through educational institutions and public employments will compensate for the absence of a vital, living faith and atone for the presence of fear. The combination of fear and successful communist publicity (whether favorable or unfavorable

(Concluded on page 510)

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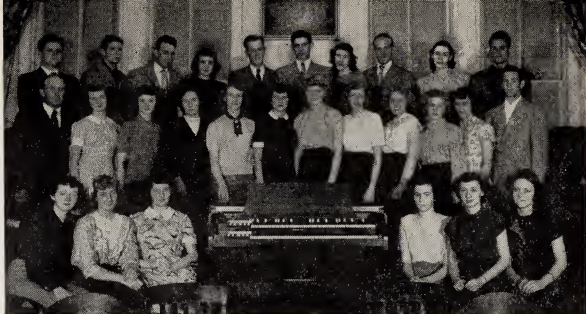
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M Men and Gleaners are, reading from left to right, front row: Ruth Ann Rhee, Elva Dawn Kirk, Joyce Dickmore, Farel Cragun, Melba Johns, Laura Harris. Second row: Odeal Kirk, M Men leader: Nanette Budge, Gwenda Cragun, Mildred Cragun, Gleaner leader: Delores Barnett, Gleana Marriot, LaVern Humphreys, Lila Halliday, Shirley Gerard, Ila Stanly, Ida June Summers, Maureen Thinnos. Third row: Richard Cragun, Delbert Dickmore, Bob Barrett, Aldine Case, Levi Cragun, Luan Ferrin, Sylvia Barnett, Quin Call, Barbara Tarren, and Elmer Bailey.

IT CAN BE DONE

THE M Men and Gleaners of Pleasant View Ward, Ben Lomond Stake, have purchased and installed a new electric organ in their chapel. How they did it is marvelous to learn, for it sounds as if they had the best time ever. Here is what one of their M Men, Luan Ferrin, stated:

For as long as I can remember in the P. V. Ward, there has been an old standby. This old standby was a reed organ which in the early days of our ward was the pride and joy of the people.

It was not a cheap organ but one of the finest anywhere. Down through the years when different men were called in to tune the organ, they always remarked on the fine workmanship and the clear tone quality of this old masterpiece. It served as a center for religious activities and was loved by all, young and old alike.

However, like all good servants, age caught up with it. The organ found it increasingly hard to satisfy the people, for along with other advancements came bigger and more beautiful instruments. The M Men and Gleaners of our ward, facing a long winter, felt the need of a project that would keep up the interest of the group.

Elder Odeal Kirk, who several years ago moved to our ward from Magna, Utah, is M Men director. Sister Mildred Cragun has been guiding the Gleaners.

Elder Kirk suggested that the M Men and Gleaners unite on the project and purchase a new electric organ. The group literally flew at the idea. Committees were appointed; meetings were held; and

a general busy-ness stirred the group. Members who before seldom had come were now on the job every week. Some folk discouraged us, and some openly opposed our project, but our determination was only strengthened by the opposition, and several weeks before Christmas we had our first event. This affair was in the form of a country store. A widely known entertainer, J. P. Herrick, consented to auction our produce. After we sold everything from chickens to baled hay, we found we had taken in \$700.00. It was a very happy group that planned the next event.

We decided to have a vaudeville and began to sell tickets, but the bishop told us we shouldn't, so we turned back the \$200.00, we had collected, and told the people who came to give what they wanted. We took in \$250.00. Then we had picture shows which netted us \$120.00. We held food sales—and reached a new high for money collected.

This was not only a good project for the M Men and Gleaners, but it unified the ward also, keeping all the ward members interested.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, this is not a large ward; its membership is 444—which makes it one of the small wards. But the M Men and Gleaners had the will, and they found the way. The project was commenced December 11, 1948, and was completed March 29, 1949. On May 8, 1949, Roy Darley, assistant Tabernacle organist, played a recital on the new organ to the satisfaction and uplift of the entire ward.

—M. C. J.

THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

JUNE 1949

5 THE Santa Cruz Branch chapel of the Northern California Mission was dedicated by Mission President German E. Ellsworth.

8 William B. Smart of Salt Lake City was appointed to the Y.M.M.I.A. general board.
Mrs. Phyllis Hawkes Shorten of Ogden, Utah, was appointed to the Primary Association general board.

9 AFTER careful consideration the decision was reached that the Y.M.M.I.A. would continue to maintain minimum age requirements for Boy Scouts and Explorers at twelve and fifteen. On May 24, the national council had given the various sponsoring organizations the option of lowering the age requirements to eleven and fourteen.

10 PRESIDENT OSCAR A. KIRKHAM of the First Council of the Seventy addressed nearly four hundred youths of the stakes and mission in the northwest, at Portland, Oregon. Sessions of the youth conference continued June 11 and 12.

12 ELDER HENRY D. MOYLE of the Council of the Twelve delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of the University of Utah.
Shirley M. Palmer was sustained as president of the Oneida (Idaho) Stake, with Gottfried Schwartz and Elden S. Tanner as counselors.

Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards dedicated the Thomas Ward, Blackfoot (Idaho) Stake, chapel.

15 THE Y.W.M.I.A. Camping Conference convened at The Wigwam (Boy Scout Camp), in Mill Creek Canyon. It continued the following day with an institute at Jordan Park.

Population reference bureau findings were announced on a study of college graduates of the class of 1924, indicating that on the national average, a graduating male had had 1.77 children, and a graduating woman, 1.26. However, Brigham Young University students led the list of college graduates in establishing homes with children. The men averaged 3.47 children, the women 2.45.

The appointment of Crawford Gates of Brigham Young University's music faculty, to the general board of the Y.M.M.I.A., was announced.

16 THE first annual IMPROVEMENT ERA Writers' Conference was attended by over one hundred fifty writers. It featured a general session, a writers' luncheon, three departmental seminars, and a concluding general session.

The M.I.A. Drama Festival, held at Kingsbury Hall, University of Utah, campus consisted of four road show acts, a play, and part of an operetta. Two complete performances were given during the evening.

President David O. McKay dedicated the buildings and grounds of the Northern Utah Region of the Church welfare plan, Ogden, Utah.

17 THE fiftieth annual M.I.A. conference began with an early morning reception on Temple Square, at which the executives and members of both general boards were in the receiving line. Speakers at the morning conference session included President George Albert Smith, Elder John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve, General Superintendent Elbert R. Curtis and General President

Bertha S. Reeder of the M.I.A. The Friday afternoon general session featured Elder Ezra Taft Benson as a speaker. Both meetings were held in the Tabernacle.

Twenty-five thousand persons saw the M.I.A. Dance Festival at the University of Utah stadium.

18 FOR the most part, the M.I.A. conference day was devoted to departmental sessions. One of these was an Indian correlation meeting at which the music was furnished by an Indian girls' chorus, and the praying and part of the speaking was done by Indians.

During June conference, the M.I.A. Music Festival was held in the Tabernacle. It featured a 1200-voice youth chorus, made up of Y.M. and Y.W.M.I.A. members from all over the Church.

19 AN M.I.A. testimony meeting was held in the Tabernacle. An afternoon general session also convened in the Tabernacle. In the evening a discussion by youth was directed by Assistant Superintendent Ralph W. Hardy. President David O. McKay addressed the youth conference.

Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the Ukiah Branch chapel, Northern California Mission.

Speaking from New York City on "Faith for Today," Elder Wallace F. Bennett delivered the Church of the Air address on a nationwide radio network. The Sunday School treasurer was in the East on business, as current president of the National Manufacturer's Association.

20 THE San Fernando (California) Stake choral society presented the dramatic cantata, *The Liahona*, in the Tabernacle on Temple Square.

The sixty-eighth anniversary of the founding of the general board was noted by a luncheon of present and former members of the Y.W.M.I.A. general board.

22 THE appointment of Asahel D. Woodruff, dean of the graduate school at Brigham Young University, to the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union was announced.

Approximately 5,000 oldsters, seventy years old or over, attended the annual Old Folks' Day in Salt Lake City's Liberty Park.

23 ROBERT D. YOUNG was named president of the Salt Lake Temple, succeeding Elder Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve. President Young, formerly president of the Manti Temple, will assume his duties in August, as the temple reopens after a summer vacation.

Year Book of Facts and Statistics 1949, a forty-eight page pamphlet issued under the direction of the Council of the Twelve, came from the press.

24 STEAM SHOVEL equipment began operations at the site of the Primary Children's hospital in Salt Lake City. Ground for the new structure had been broken April 1.

26 ELDER HENRY D. MOYLE of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the Alameda Ward chapel, Oakland (California) Stake.

La Crescentia Ward, San Fernando (California) Stake, was created from parts of the Glendale East Ward. Joseph E. Rich is bishop of the new ward.

(Concluded on page 537)



MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME
APRIL 11, AND DEPARTING APRIL 20, 1949

Reading from left to right, first row: Derrell Milo Anderson, Boyd G. Pett, Thera L. Nielsen, S. Lofey Middaugh, John Gerald Bjarnson, Loras Burke Tangren, LaMar Floyd Evans, James L. Swapp.

Second row: Estelle Mae, Carolyn Robertson, William Thornton, Hazel Skouson, Don B. Colton, director; Bonnie Ellis, Edward R. Tolman, Eliza Carpenter, Fay Luneford, Lila Mae Astle.

Third row: Lorena Hawkins, Mary R. Hawkins, John A. Green, Ralph L. Webb, Ray E. Christensen, Bertha M. Newman, Mary Bird, Marie G. Charlesworth, Dimple Aycock.

Fourth row: Keith J. Chapman, Allen Henry Howard, Lakell David Muir, Ernest LaVar Gunderson, Roy A. Christensen, Eldene Taylor, Lenore Reynolds, Ina R. Butterworth, Ileana G. Corbridge.

Fifth row: Carl Mellor, Willard K. DeGraffenreid, George W. Hatch, Abigail W. Sant, Walter R. Sant, M. W. VanSeters, Evan A. VanSeters, Grace L. Hunzeker, Lillas Swenson, Donald S. Gray.

Sixth row: Grant C. Howard, Nephi W. Bushman,

William J. Pratt, David Stanley Pulsipher, Jack Sommer, Harvey D. Dimond, Lowell A. Nielsen, Bruce B. White, Walter D. Halliday, Keith G. Markham.

Seventh row: J. Quentin Midgley, Vern R. Wigant, Grant A. Adams, Robert J. Fenton, Laurence Duke Smith, Donald L. Graviet, Keith J. Meldrum, Junior G. Garlick, Alan Johnson.

Eighth row: Kent Tanks, Darrell G. Kippen, Robert R. Rasmussen, Don W. Hill, Russell Dwayne Crackett, Dean H. Christensen, Edmund O. Greenwood, Horace David Nelson, George Stanton Knowlden, Don Frank Dalley.

Ninth row: Reed H. Neilson, Eugene S. Dahl, Robert R. Stevens, Alan G. Elder, Earl G. McLain, Franklin Doly, Earl W. Dickman, Mary C. Nevers, Reada M. Bjarnson.

Tenth row: Carmen Bitter, Phyllis Jenkins, Ina Lucille Christensen, Carol Walding, Carl G. Brown, C. Denton Brough, William R. Southwick, Richard Keith McDonald, Reginald R. Dorff, Thomas V. Rasmussen.

Eleventh row: Carol Taylor, Grace Bowman, LaVerle Morley, Wesley Ruane Law, Ray L. White, Read K. Curtis, Claire J. Fisher.

Twelfth row: Donna Mae Corbridge, Thelma Esther Dustin, Martha Parrish, Shirley L. Simmons, Alice Sargent, Ralph McFarland, Charles R. Oniones, Curtis Wright, Roland Hanson, Raymond S. Jensen. Thirteenth row: Richard Beazer, Rulon Judd, Bob Calderwood, Audrey Elaine Montague, Serge Woodruff, Phoebe Williams, Franklin Hyrum Millet, Paul E. Richardson, Glen L. Nelson.

Fourteenth row: Roberto F. Carpenter, Ted Shumway, Keith T. Nelson, Harold A. Brooks, James R. Linsley, Gordon A. Madsen, Fanny G. Brunt, David A. Erickson.

Fifteenth row: Berk Washburn, Reed Crapo, Duane Major, Harry Trice, Richard Potts, Richard Brown, Darwin Hansen.

Sixteenth row: Earl S. Jones, Richard G. Greenland, Rulon Lee, Ray L. Montgomery, Richard B. Allen.

Seventeenth row: Barton C. Olsen, Glendon E. Steiner, Raymond A. Webb, Glen T. Bean, Clarence S. Sharp, Leland H. Florence, Theodore A. Miller, Dale E. Dawson, Dean S. Alger, Dean L. Palmer, DeWaldo Porter, Edwin C. Cook.

Departing Missionaries

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME
JUNE 6, AND DEPARTING JUNE 15, 1949

Reading from left to right, first row: Byron E. Jones, Edgar Neft, Gerald R. Thomson, Herbert D. Papenfuss, Darlene A. James, Don B. Colton, director; Thelma R. Butterfield, Shirla V. Howell, Vera Schofield, Betty N. Miller, Phyllis Earl.

Second row: Lucile Kartchner, Laurie Dea Thompson, Phyllis Maurine Beard, John Richard Walker, Arthur Daniel Lindquist, Renee Wild, Mary Ogothorpe, Lora Dunn, Ernest H. Webb, Joseph M. Newey, Kenneth Wayne Park, Arnold A. Williams.

Third row: T. W. Gardner, Amelia P. Gardner, Ora Mae Bishop, Dorothy Eckersell, Ernest D. Smith, Dean R. Crump, Boyd G. Parker, Clair E. Snow, Louis Howell, Carl D. Loveless, Raymond Jones, Bartola Ramirez, Alfred Lou Tanner.

Fourth row: Marie Allred, Harold L. Richards, Richard Merrill, Leland C. Grant, Nad B. Suthers, Owen Garlick, Benton L. Blake, Newell Kay Rich-

ards, Kenneth Munk, Garrett Thain, Dennis Funk, Mrs. W. S. Erickson, W. S. Erickson.

Fifth row: Arleen Smith, Margaret P. Petersen, Dorothy M. Blackham, Keith Bischoff, Dorothy Crookston, Rex Thomas Price, Bryce E. Goodwin, Marion S. Wittwar, Dean L. Hendricks, William B. Stanger, Donna Butters, Virgil Ricks, Arturo R. Martinez.

Sixth row: Edward R. Gwynn, Wayne Berry, Dean W. Packard, Paul Kent Cropper, Joseph Brick Hall, Joel R. Bischoff, Conley S. Thatcher, Robert L. Laake, Max Holman, Feral LaRae Poulson, Norine Butler, Garth B. Whitney.

Seventh row: Valden Jay Wood, Pearson S. Carbett, Richard S. Watson, Grant Budge Wiser, Bruce Conrad Bushell, Cuma Poulton, Shirl H. Bunting, Boyd A. Hansen, Rena Jewel Curtis, Janice Alene Hardy, Nola F. Heppeler, Byron J. Gooch.

Eighth row: Barbara Higginbotham, Donna Mae Thain, Marvin Voyte Sorenson, Forrest Hyrum Nulph, Alice May Cutler, Robert E. Schneider, Lois

Kelsey, Valena Ballard, Mildred Ann Widdison, Elwin O. Barnum.

Ninth row: Margaret Millett, Glenn W. Hunt, Rogers P. Lambert, Emmett R. Nulph, Dale Steiner, Warren Floyd, Dean Brian, Jerald P. Squire, Glenn M. Stratton, Joseph B. Abegg, Fay Olsen, Hilda Baldoni, Ray L. Carter.

Tenth row: Dean O. Peck, Wilford Bruce Hilton, Richard B. Miskin, Wilford J. Tolman, Sylvan M. Anderson, Norman F. Hurst, Gordon H. Lee, Gerald Morris, Mildred C. Cottrell, Wayne W. Probst, Elaine H. Higgins, Calvin L. Maxfield, John L. Anderson.

Eleventh row: Florence Larkin, Shirley M. Johnson, Louis Nielsen, LaWana King, James C. Richards, Ray C. Meldrum, Lay C. Hatch, Lawrence J. Spjut, Grant E. Broderick, Theron Bowles, Carl J. Carlson.

Twelfth row: Rex L. Allred, William Dean Wood, Walter A. Kramer, A. Darrell Rigby, George Joe Thain, James M. Wargstaff, Sherwin H. Larsen, Essie L. Wright, Rold E. Peterson, Keith Crandell.





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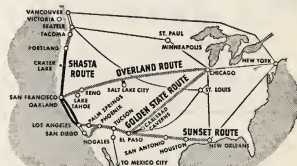
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EXPLORER post advisers and scoutmasters listed below have been recognized for efficient leadership. They have received a special honor certificate awarded by the general superintendency of the Y.M.M.I.A. to exploring and scouting leaders who have completed a required leadership program, uniting the spiritual phase of the program with the standards and practices of the Church.

The honor certificate requirements are based upon a nine-point program, as illustrated in the 1949-50 requirements for Exploring advisers:

1. Participating in youth leadership program
2. Urging by a personal campaign with each Explorer the non-use of liquor and tobacco
3. Urging each Explorer to observe a sacred Sabbath
4. Conducting impressive carry-on exercises for all Boy Scouts entering the Explorer posts
5. Urging proper respect for the house of worship and Church authorities
6. Using eight discussion topics on the "Qualities of Attractive Manhood" prepared by Superintendent Ralph W. Hardy, as a basis for discussion in eight unit meetings
7. Participating of Explorer post in at least one inter-unit athletic activity during the year (all camping is conducted according to Latter-day Saint standards)
8. Seeing that Explorers meet the requirements of "duty to God" before advancing from one rank to another, with at least ten percent of the post qualifying for the Desert Recognition award
9. Carrying out an active social program

in harmony with the Explorer-Junior five-point social program

Certificate winners for the 1948-49 season are:

Tendoy Area Council (Idaho)

Scoutmasters: LeRoy Hirschi, St. Charles; Zendell M. Hale, Pocatello.

Mt. Lassen Council (California)

Scoutmaster: Dean R. Myers. Redding.

3 G Council (Arizona)

Scoutmasters: Bernard Clawson, Safford; Virgil Jones, Duncan; J. Leo Mortensen, Thatcher; Farr D. Taylor, Pima; Roland W. Corrieau, Globe; Earl B. Young, Jr., Morenci.

Post Advisers: Reef P. Kelly, Safford; L. M. Hatch, Duncan.

Roosevelt Council (Arizona)

Scoutmasters: Joseph J. Criswell, Floyd J. Bennett, J. Winton Miller, Ellis D. Biggs, and W. Kenneth Huish, Mesa.

Post Adviser: Oral Lee Moore, Mesa.

Ogden Area Council (Utah)

Scoutmasters: William Poole, Warren N. Shurtliff, Howard E. Watts, and C. Michael Larsen, Ogden; Ray M. Wangsgard, Huntsville.

Post Advisers: Robert Ray Wade, Ogden; Ted Valentine and Martella T. Nelson, Brigham; Burns H. Wangsgard, Huntsville.

Salt Lake Area Council (Utah)

Scoutmasters: Clyde D. Glad and Walter A. Christensen, Salt Lake City.

Post Advisers: Rue Sanders and Knight B. Kerr, Salt Lake City.

Utah National Parks Council (Utah)

Scoutmasters: John F. Abel and Wayne R. McTague, American Fork; Horace W. Hood, Verne S. Nelson, J. Hugh Sellers and Howard L. Jensen, Provo.

Post Advisers: Rex Larren and Fred S. Doffendoe, Price.

Boise Area Council (Idaho)

Post Advisers: W. Porter May and Dan R. McQueen, Boise.

THE HOUSE OF WISDOM

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

WISDOM keeps a wide house
On an open street,
On a crest inviting
All earth's questing feet.

Pleasant is her fireside,
Nourishing her bread,
Wisdom sets a table
Always richly spread.

Though her house is spacious,
And has room to spare,
Only honest seekers
Can be happy there.

Sons of truth arriving
Enter in and stay,
But the sons of darkness
Turn and go their way.

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JUNE CONFERENCE

In Picture

June 17-19, 1949

1. President George Albert Smith and President George F. Richards look over the June conference program with Superintendent Elbert R. Curtis and President Bertha S. Reeder. Photo, courtesy Salt Lake "Tribune"
2. View of the youth in attendance at the youth conference session in the Tabernacle, June 19. Seated among the youth are President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and President David O. McKay of the First Presidency, and Elder Stephen L. Richards of the Council of the Twelve and author of "The Case for Virtue" being used to emphasize the M.I.A. theme for 1949-50. Photo, courtesy Salt Lake "Tribune"
3. One view of the great interest shown in the handicrafts section held at the Lion House. Photo, courtesy Salt Lake "Tribune"
4. Narrators for the Dance Festival: Shauna McLatchy and Lynn McKinlay. Photo, courtesy "Deseret News"
5. View of the music festival, Crawford Gates conducting, 1200 participants. Photo, courtesy Salt Lake "Tribune"
6. Floor Show, Dance Festival, one of many original floor shows presented. Photo, courtesy Salt Lake "Tribune"
7. Floor Show featuring black light—from Nampa, Idaho. Photo, courtesy Venice Grant, stake dance director
8. Bee Hive Group, demonstrating the organization of responsibility: Ann C. Larson, general board; Maxine Garff, stake bee keeper; Barbara Reynolds, ward bee keeper; and Charlotte Sheffield, Bee Hive Girl. Photo, courtesy Salt Lake "Tribune"
9. Boy Scout-Explorer Barbecue. Photo, courtesy Salt Lake "Tribune"
10. Reception line at beginning of conference, June 17, on the tabernacle grounds. Photo, courtesy "Deseret News"
11. Photograph of the M.I.A. general boards. Photo, courtesy D. F. Davis
12. M.I.A. dance festival—at the moment of prayer. Photo, courtesy "Deseret News"
13. M.I.A. General Executives: Superintendent Elbert R. Curtis and President Bertha S. Reeder; First Counselor Emily H. Bennett, First Assistant Superintendent A. Walter Stephenson, Second Counselor LaRue C. Longden, Second Assistant Superintendent Ralph W. Hardy. Photo, courtesy D. F. Davis
14. Scene from "The Other Apostle" at drama festival, June 16, 1949. Photo, courtesy "Deseret News"

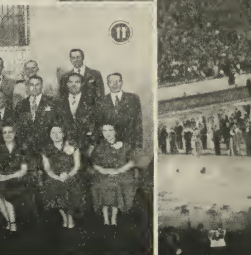
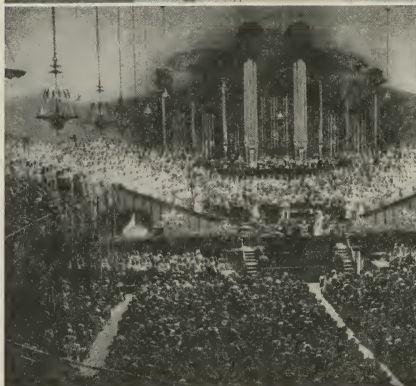
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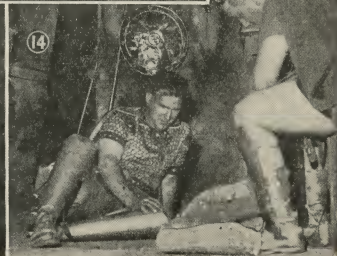
By Beulah Huish Sadleir

O H, calm, cool night,
That rode in on an evening cloud,
Spread your blue-black majesty
Over a parched summer earth
And give man a chance to rest from
Day's exacting pace.
Let yourself in mystic stillness
Whisper to the trees,
And in their rustled symphony of strings
Give him music to drown
Day's raucous sounds.

Hasten not the sleeper—oh, night,
Neither the builder of dreams,
For he that is not robbed of you
Will awaken to a better dawn.

And once again, wondrous savant of old,
Whose magic incites love's timeless trend,
Cause this love, enrobed in garments of
Faith and peace, to know man's soul
And fill his hungering need.





Poetry

THE MISSIONARY

By Alice Morrey Bailey

HE needs no robe to set himself apart.
He wears authority! His countenance
Shines with his faith and purity of heart.
He heeds the call of holy circumstance
And bears the greatest privilege known to
man.
His path may lead to thrones or lowly
berth;
His gift is life, through God's appointed
plan,
And his the message angels brought to
earth.
He worships where his fathers' altars
burned
And sees their labors brought from many
lands,
The precious yield of humble and of
learned.
High on a mighty eminence he stands
And lifts the flame of those who have gone
by,
For he shall fling its light beyond the sky.

MY FATHER

By Leone E. McCune

I SEE him still, behind his plow;
His muscled body swings
Along the rough, uneven swell
Of fields; his heart within him sings.
I see him still; he's bent and old;
But joy lights fading eyes.
He prunes the roses by his gate
Under the soft, blue, summer skies.
This is his joy, his love, his faith,
Collaborating with his God,
Throughout the years to help create
Earth's precious life from seed and sod.

A FARM NEEDS A BOY

By Mildred Goff

A FARM needs a boy.
Nothing else takes the place
Of a quick-footed boy
With a tan-freckled face.
To fish in the brook,
To slide in the hay,
To hunt for the eggs
That are hidden away,
To greet every morning
With a wild shout of joy,
To make life worth living,
A farm needs a boy!

DAWNBREAK

By Ella Waterbury Gardner

I RAN up the curtain,
And there was the moon,
A crescent through foliage
Across the sky strewn.

I ran up the curtain,
And there I could see
The bridal wreath tapping
The window for me.

With sharp little chirpings
The birds were awake.
But all else was silence
At breathless dawnbreak.

HERE, IN SUMMER

By Elaine V. Emans

WHEN you declared, "It will be thus and
so,
Dreaming of summertime, in winter's grip,
I said, "You overdream her: she will slip
In quietly and warmly." But I know,
Now, she is more than prisoners in snow
Could well remember, from the nectar-sip
Of every bee at flower to the tip
Of each wing-lifting butterfly; from doe
With nuzzling fawn to piquancy of wren,
And thrasher aria; from waving wheat
To cumuli within the river when
The day is quiet. Here, in summer, meet
Even more joys than could be dreamed by
men
Walking a snowy lane, an icy street.

RAIL FENCES

By Alice Josephine Wyatt

RAIL FENCES marked the farmers' shoe-
string parks
Inhabited by orioles and larks,
And strung with berries winding like red
beads
Dotted through the flowers and the weeds.
Here weary men could leave the horse and
plow
To take the shade of some wild cherry
bough,
And doze a while, or watch a copper bee
That exercised his grand monopoly
On some defenseless, honey-hoarding flow-
er
With one drop hidden in its petaled bower.
Here butterflies were flung on silent wings
In colored squadrons like enchanted things.
These fragile flower-like bombers had one
duty—
Their flying mission was not death, but
beauty.

All loveliness and fences are akin—
The path of peace they weave is genuine.



—Photo, Godsey from Monkmeier

TIME IS A GIFT

By Mary O'Connor

TIME is a woven filigree
Of moments and their hours
Required to weave a tapestry
Of strength or fragile flowers.
Time is the God-gift briefly held
by men both rich and poor,
A thing to which their faith can weld
a life that stands secure.
And they may waste it, bit by bit,
or make each second serve
To glorify and gladden it
with every bone and nerve.
Time is the space allotted man
to make all hatred cease
And live within the prayerful plan
of brotherhood and peace.

WESTERN MANNA

By Ruth C. Ikerman

THE desert to me was a wilderness until I
learned that God
Provides there beauty, daily manna despite
sun's hot rays.
Now he speaks to me from out that burning
bush, the ocotillo.
His silver smoke tree guides, pillar of cloud
through the days.

ENOUGH

By Mabel Jones Gabbott

IS this enough to bring my heart content:
The gleam of crystal in low candlelight,
A coverlet laid smooth, a fragile white
Old vase with roses spilled, like love well-
spent?

Or this: the laughter in my daughter's
eyes,
The warm pink glow of health that lights
her face,
Her tawny hair, sun-filled, her swift em-
brace?
Is there on earth a more endearing prize?

Is this enough: your need that meets my
own,
In sun and storm, the certainty that whether
joy or sorrow comes, we are together,
Two as one, not each adrift alone.

Beauty, work, and love: this is "the stuff
That dreams are made of." Yes, it is
enough.

REFLECTIONS

By Thelma Ireland

THE lake spread out her apron
Of ruffled, blue percale
To catch the downy snowball clouds
That rode the azure veil.

BLESSINGS FOR YOUTH

By President George Albert Smith

(From a Talk Delivered at the M.I.A. June Conference, Friday, June 17, 1949.)

THIS is a beautiful picture. It has been an inspiration to me to be here this morning, and as I have sat here, I have gone over in my mind nearly seventy years of my life in M.I.A. and I have discovered that there is so much that has come to me as a blessing from this marvelous organization that I have no way of telling you adequately about it.

I wonder if you realize what a power for good this institution holds, with approximately one hundred seventy-five thousand members. Think what it means to be identified with such a group.

Here we are in this great tabernacle that has been dedicated to the Lord for worship. We have not filled all the seats this morning, but it is a marvelous audience, and I am grateful to be able to be here.

My mind has gone back over my experiences in M.I.A., the development that has been made. When I realize that we are not only representing here a community such as we have in this valley, but you are representatives of groups of people who have pushed out into other states and territories and nations, how grateful I am! If we are doing our full duty in each of these places, there are those who have joy in making the lives of their associates rich by companionship. There is an influence for good in a congregation like this in this great house. My feelings are subdued when I realize what a privilege has been mine for seventy years to mingle with men and women and boys and girls in the great audiences that have been assembled here.

I have never learned anything in M.I.A. that was not beneficial. I have learned many things, but all were for the best, and when I have taken advantage of the advice and counsel and the programs that were prepared for us, my life has been enriched, and my happiness has been increased.

Today there are thousands of our young

people who would be glad to be here with us, and it would be a blessing to them as well as to us if they could be here.

We have listened to quite a number of those who have been on the program this morning. I wonder sometimes if we realize that every one of these is a child of our Heavenly Father. Every one that has talked to us, or sung for us, or prayed, every one is not just a man or a woman or a boy or a girl, as we see him; but each one is living eternal life, each one is a child of our Father in heaven. What a wonderful thing it is to know that, and to feel the influence that comes from that knowledge. They are dear to him. He is anxious for their success and happiness, but there are multitudes of them who have no way of knowing that they are his children unless the membership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints functions in the missionary field and in all parts of the world.

It has been my privilege the last year to have a good many visitors, men and women of prominence, come into the office. It has not been unusual for them to say: "What a delightful place you have to live in." When they have called my attention to that, I have taken them to the window of my office and said: "Can you see that little round knoll out there on the horizon?"

"Yes."

"Can you see a flagpole sticking out of the top of it?"

"Yes."

And then I have said: "That is Ensign Peak. Do you see the trees and the flowers and all the beauty at the top of that peak?"

And they have turned to me questioningly to say: "I can't see any trees or flowers."

And I have remarked: "A little over a hundred years ago when the Latter-day Saints came into this valley, the whole valley looked as barren as Ensign Peak with the

(Continued on page 540)

The Editor's Page

"YOUTH THAT IS CLEAN"

*From talks delivered during the M.I.A. Conference
In The Salt Lake Tabernacle
June 17, 1949*

By Marilyn Oliver

By Frederick Pingree

OBEDIENCE and joy go hand in hand. This was realized by the First Presidency when they said, "How glorious and near to the angels is youth that is clean; this youth has joy unspeakable here and eternal happiness hereafter."

Cleanliness of body and mind is essential, for our mortal bodies house the Spirit of God, and impurities of speech ejected from these tabernacles are soiling that which belongs to God. The language of Adam was pure and undefiled, and so should we strive to make ours. God gave men language as a means for them to communicate with each other, that they might express their ideas, hopes, and beliefs, and pass on the knowledge and wisdom they have received in their lives.

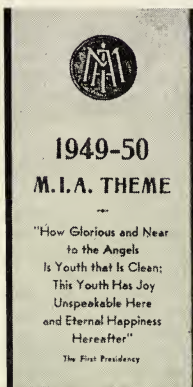
As members of the kingdom of God, it is our duty to keep our language pure and clean, for our Father in heaven commanded it of us when he said, "... let all things be done in cleanliness before me" (D. & C. 42: 41) and "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." (Ex. 20:7.) Incomprehensible is the joy that will be ours if we obey these commandments.

The man or woman who abuses our language is committing sacrilege, for sacrilege is the violation of anything that is sacred or holy, and surely our language can be considered to be such, for it is the means by which we teach his commandments unto others. The person thus committing sacrilege does not have the great joy or happiness that the righteous and obedient possess. When a thought, word, or story comes to our mind that we wish to express, we might say to ourselves, "Would I want my Father in heaven to hear me say this?" And if our answer is no, we will know that we should not speak; and thus we can judge our speech; for God does hear the things we say, and he will remember if we keep our tabernacles pure before him by using language that is beautiful and not corrupted.

May our desire be like that of the Psalmist when he said, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord... my redeemer," (Psalm 19:14). This is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

THERE was once a very rich ruler who lived in a foreign country. Although he was considered to be one of the wealthiest men in the world, he was very greedy and was always thinking up new ways to get more money; but still he wasn't satisfied. He wanted the most precious thing on earth. He sent out three of his subjects to bring back such a treasure. When the first presented his find to the king, it was a beautifully ornamented ring of gold. The king was pleased with this, but he hoped for something better. The second then presented the king with a very large jewel. This man was rewarded greatly. When the third presented his find, he was laughed at, for all he had was a sack of wheat. His reward came when he was cast out of the kingdom and he was mocked for all that year. But the next year came and brought with it a famine. Then the king and his people realized that the common and seemingly unattractive wheat was much more valuable than all the rich treasures put together. They had been judging things by a wrong set of values.

We, the youth of the Church, are sometimes guilty of judging things by a wrong set of values. Such is sometimes the case in this matter of morality. Although it is much easier to go along with the crowd and go against what we have been taught, those who keep the law of chastity will be rewarded here and in the life to come. One who is unclean is denied the privilege of entering the temple for marriage and consequently is unable to receive the blessings that come with it. We should strive toward that goal of perfection at all times, remembering that one moment of forgetfulness can bring unhappiness for a whole lifetime. High ideals and a will to do right are the means by which we can make a better life for ourselves both here and in the life to come. The First Presidency told us what could be promised to those who lived right when they said, "How glorious and near to the angels is youth that is clean; this youth has joy unspeakable here and eternal happiness hereafter."



TESTIMONY:

THIS timely address by President Clark was given at the Sunday morning session of June conference, June 19, 1949, immediately prior to the general testimony bearing of the meeting.

A Sacred Gift

By PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

MY brothers and sisters: I trust that the blessings of the Lord will be with me as I stand before you today. We are here to bear witness to the goodness and the mercy and the blessings of the Lord, and to testify to the truth of the restored gospel, and to the restored priesthood; to the fact that the restoration accomplished by and through the instrumentality of Joseph Smith exists today with the same powers, the same authorities, the same blessings, that came through the Prophet himself; that since the Prophet's time, from then until now, there has been an unbroken line of descent of authority; and that President George Albert Smith is the prophet, seer, and revelator, and the President of the Church today, the presiding high priest, just as fully and completely as was the Prophet Joseph when he established the Church.

A testimony is a sacred gift. It is not to be trifled with; it is not a matter to be boasted about; it is a matter to be treated in the greatest humility, to be used whenever the cause of the Lord requires it to be used, to be cherished, nurtured, fed by righteous living.

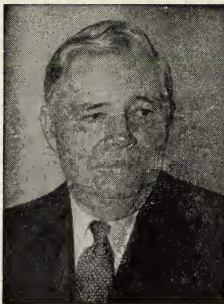
Many people who come amongst us ask: "What is it that enables you people to work together as you work?" It has seemed to me the answer is simple, and I have so stated to them. We are united, we work together, because of what we call our testimonies, which means our knowledge that this is the work of God, and that we are united in carrying forward his purposes.

A testimony is the thing which gives us the power to endure, endure the scoffs and the ridicule that are sometimes heaped upon us, and to endure likewise the praise which comes to us and about us, endure praise so that we may not be turned aside and become proud, boastful,

and haughty in our attitudes and spirits.

THERE are two kinds of testimony, one which comes from the senses, the eye, the ear, the touch. So far as I am concerned, because I know how uncertain is the eye and the ear and the touch, I have felt that the other testimony, the testimony of the Spirit, was for me the truer one.

As for the testimony of the senses, you will remember that Thomas, one of the Lord's ancient Apostles, was not present at the meeting on the evening of the day of the resur-



PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

rection when Christ appeared to the others. They, when he appeared, had not believed until he had by his presence and his words and actions shown them that he was actually the risen Lord. When Thomas was told of this, he said he would not believe "... Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side." (John 20:25.)

The week following that first meeting, the disciples were together again. Thomas was there also. Suddenly into the room came Jesus, even as he had come the week before; he

turned to Thomas and said: "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing." Thomas, beholding the Lord, said: "My Lord and my God."

And then the Savior said unto him: "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." (John 20:27, 28, 29.)

And that is the testimony of the Christ which must come to most of us, the testimony of believing without seeing, a testimony which the Lord blessed. And this testimony is the testimony of the Spirit. I want to read to you a few words spoken by Paul to the Corinthians. He said:

For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.

Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.

Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual.

But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. (I Cor. 2:11-14.)

Later in his epistle, Paul said:

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.

Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise.

For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. For it is written, He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.

And again, The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain. (I Cor. 3:16-20.)

(Continued on page 539)

The Meaning Of PETER'S CONFESSION

By Sidney B. Sperry, Ph.D.

DIRECTOR OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Part II

Now let me present my view as to the meaning of *petra* in a little more technical detail than it has hitherto been given. Meanwhile, please bear in mind that Catholics of great reputation in centuries past have not agreed that the word refers to Peter. St. Jerome and Augustine are sufficient witnesses of that fact. Moreover, Protestant scholars have argued with great learning, some agreeing with the Catholics, that the word does refer to Peter, others that it means something else, as we have already seen; however, practically all agree among themselves that the Roman church has made a wrong application of the word, even if it does refer to the man of rock. In the midst of all the confusion, the Latter-day Saints point out that scholarship and tradition have not cleared up the problem; only a new revelation could do that. We believe that Joseph Smith, the living oracle of God, gave the true answer. Revelation or the principle of seership is what *petra* refers to. Once in possession of the key to the problem, Mormon scholars can proceed to strengthen the position of the Church in the eyes of men. It is wonderful how simple a riddle can be, once you receive the solution to it! Let us hark back to Matthew 16:16-17, for a moment. It will be recalled that Peter's famous answer, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," so pleased our Lord that he blessed him by saying:

Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood [mortal man] hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. (Italics author's.)

Why was the Savior pleased? Few or no commentators would disagree with me when I say that it was because he found Peter in such a spiritual state that his mind could be marvelously illumined from heaven. Peter's revelation was the reason. Only the Father would manifest the Son. (Matthew 11:27; I Cor. 12:3.) Having felicitated Peter, the Lord proceeds to add the important words we have been considering:

And I tell you, you are *Petros*, and upon this *petra* I will build my church; . . .

Now let us consider the play on words, *petros-petra*. Any competent Greek scholar will admit that the two words are not different

forms of the same thing. That is to say, *petros* and *petra* are two distinct words, as distinct in Greek as *pebble* and *boulder* are two distinct English words. *Petra* in Greek is not equivalent to *petros* any more than a *pebble* is the same as a *boulder*. Had the Greek writer or translator—assuming Matthew to be a Greek translation of a Hebrew or Aramaic original—meant to convey the idea that Peter was the rock upon which the Church was to be built, he would doubtless have written either, "... you are *Petros*, and upon this *Petros* I will build my church . . ." or "... you are *Petros*, and upon you will I build my church. . . ." (Italics author's.) That the writer meant to convey a different idea is shown in the fact that he wrote *Petros* and *petra*, having quite different meanings. A good Greek lexicon such as the new edition of Liddell and Scott will show that *petros* is used in poetic literature and usually has reference to rocks that can be held in the hand. It may even refer to a kind of reed. An explanation is added that "the usual prose word is *lithos*." *Petra*, on the other hand, is shown generally to mean a mass of live parent rock such as cliffs, ledges, etc. In fact, *petros* is, in the nature of things, bound to be a piece of rock derived from the parent mass of rock, *petra*. In view of the considerable difference in usage between *petros* and *petra*, we are justified in concluding that the feminine *petra* was intended by the writer of the Greek text to refer to something other than Peter, the man of rock. What, then, is the antecedent of *petra* in the Greek text?

In view of the fact that our Lord was so pleased with the revelatory or "seeric" powers of Peter, what could be more reasonable than to

believe that by *petra* he had reference to the fundamental principle of seership or revelation? That is the great mother rock or principle upon which the Church should be built.

One more thing about the text we have considered: It has been indicated already that some scholars believe it to have been written originally in Aramaic, others in Greek. As for myself, I cannot help believing that Matthew was written in Aramaic and afterward translated into Greek. If this view is correct, it is all the more surprising to find a translator rendering two identical Aramaic words, *kepha-kepha*, respectively into *petros-petra*, which are far from being identical. Couldn't the reason be that he recognized the true significance of the Aramaic play on words and tried to make it more obvious in the Greek?

Let us discuss another part of Christ's answer to Peter, particularly "and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it [the Church]." This part of his answer has been grievously misinterpreted in many churches. Most persons, following early commentators, have taken it to mean that hell, the abode of Satan and the infernal powers, would join with the wicked men in attempts to overthrow the Church but should not succeed. None of us doubts, of course, that Satan and his legions have fought and will continue to fight God's work. Nevertheless, this is not what the scripture means. Dr. Hugh Nibley, in his article, "Baptism for the Dead in Ancient Times," which appeared in THE IMPROVEMENT ERA for December 1948, has discussed it at length and given, I believe, the true solution to the passage. However, let me review it again in my own

way before passing on. The "gates of hell" is rendered in the Greek by the figurative expression "the gates of Hades," and in the Aramaic by the well-known Hebrew equivalent, "gates of Sheol." By "Hades" the ancient Greeks meant the abode of the dead. The ancient Hebrews also regarded "Sheol" as the abode of the departed. They viewed it, generally speaking, as a subterranean citadel with great gates, which would open to receive the spirits of the dead but would never open to permit them to leave. In "gates of Hades" and "gates of Sheol" we simply have an ancient form of speech which means the power of the kingdom of death. Jesus simply meant then, that the powers of death should not overpower or prevail against the Church. The gates will be opened, permitting the dead to leave Sheol.

In the ancient Coptic version of the passage, we find this interesting rendition: "The gates of Amenti shall not have power against it." In Egyptian the word *Amenti* has reference to the West, which was the place where the dead went. It will be remembered that during World War I soldiers were prone to say that fallen companions had "gone West." This is our modern version of an old speech custom.

In Matthew 16:19 our Lord speaks of the "keys of the kingdom of heaven," which would give power either to bind or loose in heaven or earth. What is meant by the "keys of the kingdom"? We believe that it refers to certain presiding and organizing powers conferred on Peter in relation to the work of the Church. It should be noticed that Jesus did not at once confer those powers on Peter. "I

will give thee the keys . . ." is what he said. Moreover, it should be observed that Peter was not the only one in due time to receive keys. In Matthew 18:18, we find the Christ saying to his appointed Twelve:

Verily I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

How is this scripture to be explained in view of the promise made to Peter? Our friends in the Roman church explain it thus: This extraordinary authority was granted to the other Apostles, because of the needs of the Primitive Church. But Christ, they add, did not make the other Apostles equal to Peter, who had been made their supreme head. Our Lord made them the foundation of the Church in a secondary or relative manner only; he does not bestow unlimited jurisdiction on them, as he does on Peter. Before being invested with their great powers, which ceased at death, they had been placed under a superior, who was to be for them what Jesus had been. Christ's words to Peter reach beyond him. They were to apply to all his successors to the end of time as the Catholic Church has always maintained. Peter's privilege was not to stop with him, but to pass to all pontiffs who succeeded him in the see of Rome.*

We shall see presently whether this is the most reasonable explanation. When did the Christ confer the promised "keys" on Peter? Catholics and Protestants alike do not know. But Joseph Smith, we believe, had the facts revealed to him. He said:

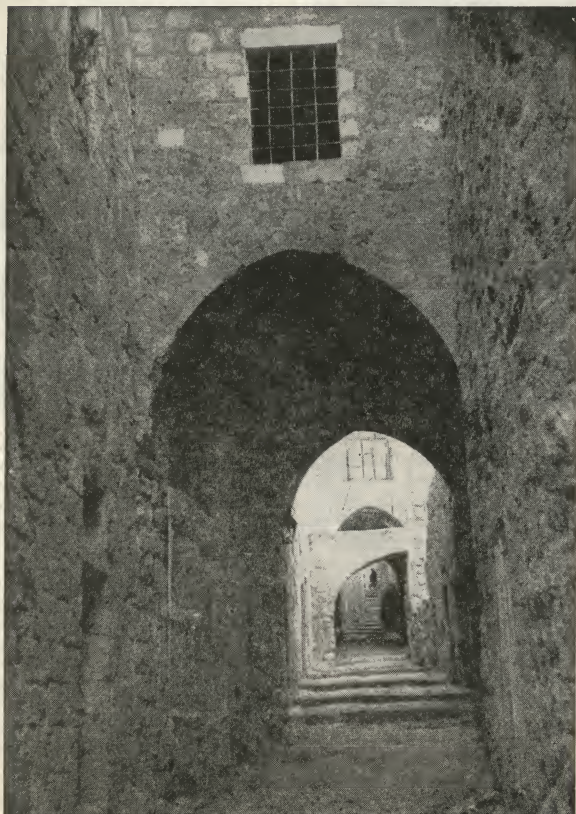
The priesthood is everlasting. The Savior, Moses, and Elias, gave the keys to Peter, James, and John, on the mount, when they were transfigured before him. (*D.H.C.*, III, 387. Cf. *D. & C.* 63:20-21.)

In other words, the Savior, in company with Moses and Elijah, conferred these keys on Peter, James, and John about a week after he had promised them to Peter. (Matthew 17:1.) What could be a more appropriate time than that of the transfiguration to confer the keys? This was one of the most im-

*See, for example, L. C. Fillon, S.S., *Consulor of the Pontifical Biblical Commission: The Life of Christ*, II, 543, 544. Incidentally, this work in three volumes is, in my opinion, one of the finest reference works on the life of Christ ever published. B. Herder Book Co., 15 and 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. (Continued on page 498)

End of the Via Dolorosa—the oldest section of Jerusalem, with its arched, narrow streets.

—Alice Schalek from *Three Lions*



THE MEANING OF PETER'S CONFESSION

portant acts of the Savior's public ministry. And Fillion rightly points out that the transfiguration was the highest point of the Savior's public life. (*Ibid.*, II, 554.)

What were the roles played by Moses and Elias (Elijah) at the transfiguration? (Matthew 17:3, 4.) Moses probably conferred certain keys pertaining to the gathering of Israel on Peter, James, and John. Elijah, on the other hand, must have given to them keys of the sealing powers pertaining to the living and the dead. Latter-day Saints have had revealed to them that Elijah held such keys; these permitted the ancient Saints to be married for time and eternity and to enter into holy places for the purpose of performing baptisms and other gospel ordinances for the dead. These ordinances were necessary for the righteous dead if the "gates of Sheol" were not to "prevail" against them. Thus the keys delivered to Peter, James, and John had saving powers beyond the grave. This fact explains I Corinthians 15:29, which passage has been an enigma to most New Testament commentators:

Otherwise, what do people mean by being baptized on behalf of the dead? If the dead are not raised at all, why are people baptized on their behalf? (Revised Standard Version.)

In other words, the Primitive Church held the keys which made it possible for saving ordinances to be done vicariously for the dead who receive the gospel beyond the grave and cannot attend to their own baptisms and endowments. These must be performed on this side of the grave. It will thus be perceived that the "keys" and the binding and loosing powers promised by the Savior are of tremendous scope and importance. Only a new revelation could impart their full significance to us, because the New Testament reveals very little concerning them.

WE have considered the Latter-day view as to the time Peter and his companions received the keys spoken of by our Lord, and also a little description has been given concerning the nature of the binding and loosing powers. Now what was the relation of Peter to his fellow Apostles when he re-

ceived the promised keys? Keep in mind that the New Testament evidence shows that all of the Twelve received keys. (Matthew 16:19; 18:18.) I have to disagree emphatically with Fillion (see above) when he claims that the Christ did not bestow unlimited jurisdiction on the other Apostles as he did on Peter. Who said so? Certainly not the New Testament. Moreover, he (Fillion) is going beyond the evidence when he holds that Peter was to be for his fellow Apostles what Christ had been for them. When Paul withstood Peter "to the face, because he was to be blamed," it does not appear that the Apostle to the Gentiles regarded the "Rock" as being in the place of Christ. (Galatians 2:11. See also II Cor. 11:5.) Furthermore, the New Testament says nothing about Peter's primacy, nor does it imply that such was to be passed to any pontiffs who should succeed him in the see of Rome. In view of the fact that Fillion says that Christ's words to Peter were to apply to all his (Peter's) successors, may it not be wise to ask, "Who were to be Peter's successors?" When and if Peter passed away, is it not reasonable to believe that all of his special powers would revert to the remaining members of the Twelve who held the keys and who had been special witnesses of the Christ? Who can produce a shred of evidence that after Peter's death, Linus, Anacletus, Clement, and other so-called "successors of Peter" ever gave orders or directions to the remaining members of the Twelve? Is it not remarkable that during the so-called bishopric of Saint Clement of Rome (A.D. 92-101. Cayré, *Patrology*, I, 52), John the Revelator was receiving visions and revelations and giving counsel to the seven churches of Asia (Rev. 1:4)? John could receive visions and revelations, but his supposed

superior in office, the supposed "successor to Peter," St. Clement, could not, for does not Cardinal Gibbons say:

The Apostles were endowed with the gift of inspiration, and we accept their writings as the revealed word of God. . . . No Catholic, on the contrary, claims that the pope is inspired, or endowed with divine revelation properly so-called. (*The Faith of Our Fathers*, p. 146.)

Is it not hard to believe, under these circumstances, that Clement was a "successor to Peter" when he could not do what his supposed subordinate, John, was able to do for the Church, by giving revelations for his benefit and blessing?

I emphasize that in the light of the New Testament and later Church history it is very reasonable to assume that the relationship of Peter to the other members of the Twelve was this: Peter stood at the head of the Twelve in much the same sense that a chairman stands at the head of a board of directors. Should the chairman die, the board of directors does not fold up. It simply takes over the powers assumed by the chairman. If we compare the directors to the ancient Apostles, we have a close analogy to the relationship that existed between Peter and his immediate companions. Peter was the presiding authority, and when he was slain, his fellow Apostles took over the presiding authority held by him. Moreover, there is no proof that they ever passed it on to any other person or persons. They knew that the hour of anti-Christ was at hand. (1 John 2:18.)

Seen purely from the Latter-day Saint point of view, the above paragraph may be amended somewhat. As we have already seen, Peter, James, and John received the keys of the kingdom conjointly upon the mount of transfiguration. They doubtless became the presiding quorum over the Primitive Church at a later time (Cf. D. & C. 107:22; 7:7; 27:12, 13; Galatians 2:9) with Peter as the presiding officer. (Cf. D. & C. 107:65, 66.) Keep in mind that James and John must have held the keys equally with Peter in this quorum. (Cf. D. & C. 90:6.) At Peter's death the remaining members of the Twelve held power with-

(Concluded on page 537)

THE DEEPEST WELL

By Dorothy J. Roberts

THE young heart quails at silence,
Finds it emptiness;
The wise receive from winter
Deep, still blessedness.

May the heart grow patient,
The spirit understand,
Silence is a well of wisdom
Deep upon the land.

In the Good Old Summertime!

By MARY BRENTNALL

AUGUST is here—the last month of summer. Thirty-one days in which to harvest summer! You've been counting a lot on this last month. June was over before you knew it, and July was wonderful, but it was filled with vacations within vacations, and the heat and activity were intense. It's strange that no matter how well you try to remember and plan for the days of July, you are always limper than you think. Not so in August!

A lovely month! In the first place, by August you're getting used to the temperature, and you're beginning to feel really firm about all your summer resolves. You begin

So let's turn the page on July and open to that beautiful inviting month of August.

Have you thought of making yourself a calendar? The long, hard

Let's Talk It Over

labor was done for you in ages past—the determining of the seasons and the years—the months and the days. The spacing of seconds and

ing, milking, irrigating, carrying a paper route—just what were they? There's only this month left to give your family a fair return. What about it?

August 2. Set your alarm at the exact hour you've decided to get up, and do it. Get up when it rings. Yesterday you turned it off and went back to sleep. But no more of that. This is the last lovely month of summer—August. Have you been up at sunrise this year to hear the birds, to smell the dew on the field, to pick a ripe melon for breakfast, to walk barefooted in the grass? Yesterday your alarm woke your dad. He didn't mind too much—he got up and went to work. But he didn't enjoy the morning. He was too tired. You're not too tired to look and listen and feel and see. Get up and out. When you come in, read the eighty-eighth section of the Doctrine and Covenants. You'll know what it means—at least part of it.

August 3. Now tackle the other end of the day. You need fun and recreation—singing and dancing and laughing. But it has to end sometime—now doesn't it? So there's no reason why it shouldn't end before midnight instead of after. Actually there are a dozen reasons why it should end at 11:00 p.m. instead of 1:00 a.m. There are a hundred reasons why it is better to finish at 10:00 p.m. than at 2:00 a.m. (if you must decide between one or the other). And if there is the remotest possibility that the party goes on until 3:00 a.m., pass it all up firmly and go to bed at 9:00 p.m. Surprising? Goodness, kids, read that eighty-eighth section of the Doctrine and Covenants all over again. You need sleep. Work hard enough all day to want to get that sleep before midnight.

August 4. A day to practise. Practise what? Anything—piano, bass viol, auto harp, yodeling, fox trot, ballet, raspa, jackknife diving, penmanship—anything in which you want to perfect your skill. Practise twice as long today as you planned, to make up for some of the

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—Photo by U.S. Forest Service

actually to do something about the things you hoped to accomplish in summer. Whether you planned on getting a sun tan or painting a picture—on improving your tennis stroke or picking more fruit than anyone else in your world—on winning the 4-H awards, becoming the most honorable of Honor Bees, or making that final climb to Eagle scouthood—you probably haven't done quite as well as you hoped up to now. But August is another chance—a lovely final opportunity.

minutes and hours. All the heavy work was handed to you "for free"—all the drudgery and mathematics and cross-eyed peering through telescopes. Yours is the fun. How about making a calendar something like this:

AUGUST 1. Sit down and plan just how much more work you need to do in order to lift your end of the family load? Have you been doing it? Just what were your assignments this summer—dishes, ironing, bak-

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

(Continued from page 499)

days you've missed, and then determine not to miss again (except on Sunday) this month. And what a glorious month you'll give yourself.

August 5. Write a list of five things you fear to do. Pick the one you most want to do and do it. Establish sane precautions and then be brave. Please don't misunderstand me. I'm not suggesting that you scale that unscalable cliff or drive ninety miles an hour down the main thoroughfare—or any other stupid foolhardy venture, but get the weight of at least one fear off your hunched shoulders and quaking knees. Listen carefully to instruction, have someone stand by and then take that first dive in the pool. March right up to that girl that you've been dodging—and yet wanting to date—and ask her out. This is the day. And good luck!

August 6. Plan a real "bang up" party—one so full of fun and surprises that no one will be bored. Pick your crowd, plan your entertainment. Take time to hunt clever ideas—a hobo hike, a hayrack ride in circles, a canyon party with the invitations in cryptograms (not too hard ones, please), a "cook-out" using aluminum foil. A party is worth making memorable. Eat a marshmallow that has been toasted on the end of a "just-right" twig. End it all with singing. Nothing is more romantic than singing under the moon or stars. And end it early. Take a tip from that music festival at June conference that left you wanting more because it stopped just a minute too soon. Don't ever let anything drag out to a yawning love stage. This is a hint to wise gals and fellows.

August 7. A day for reading. Start a new section of the scriptures—or finish one that you have already started. How about the Book of Mosiah from the Book of Mormon? Or if you've been ambitious and recently read that, try Third Nephi all over again. Or try the Psalms. Soothing yet powerful.

August 8. This is a wonderful day to do a little organizing. Go through your closets and cupboards and drawers. Fix up all the things that need cleaning or pressing or mending. Sort out the family games. Check the fruit storage space for

Mother. Tidy the attic room. Straighten the basement. Is your fishing tackle ready and at hand? Is your hunting gear assembled? Is your camping equipment inventoried? Any or all of these is the order of the day.

August 9. Yesterday you started, but we're sure that you didn't finish all of this checking. Hunt up the garden tools and wipe them with oil—helps that rusty situation. And while the oil can is in your hand, how about a little of its ease on those door hinges that sound like *Inner Sanctum*?

August 10. While you're in the mood, won't you put the tools where they belong? Hunt and replace missing items and then just to prove that you have great skill, mend that

AUGUST

By Iris W. Schow

She of the steady hand, mature, sedate,
A touch of Mona Lisa in her smile,
Gives earth those days of peace commensurate
With summer's fruitage. Now for mile on mile
The burdened boughs yearn earthward,
while the peach
Absorbs new sweetness, and the winnowed grain.
Refined gold of the land, pours into each
Gargantuan receptacle again.

While earth provides for dormant days to come,
Let the warm, fruitful weeks tread calmly by;
This time of opulence is optimum
For steady pace and inward-looking eye:
These hours when earth makes certain of her goal
Are meant for the appraisal of the soul.

electric cord, replace that missing screw in the toaster, fix that loose screen that's been tempting flies into mother's spick kitchen. If you do all of this, the merest hint will get you your favorite devil's food cake as a reward. You might even bake it yourself—if you've learned how!

August 11. This is cooking specially day. Last week you asked why your fudge went grainy. Wouldn't it have been better to find out ahead of time and exercise every necessary precaution instead of asking afterward? But fudge is something that is definitely old-time, college-girl stuff. Why not make a really beautiful spaghetti dish and the choicest of salads and surprise the family with a special porch party. Be ye

girl or be ye boy, you can do it, and your parents will love it.

August 12. While you were learning to cook, did you learn to clean up? It's more than washing dishes. It's keeping the place cleared as you go. Utensils beg to be whisked clean and put away as they are used. Then it's easy to arise from dinner and handle the dishes—minus the delaying dread of a messy kitchen. Try it.

August 13. Is it hard to get up early for your priesthood meeting? It won't be half as hard if your clothes are in order and at hand—if you've visited the barber and had that hair cut—if you've taken time to look over your lessons for the Sabbath. Such thoughtful preparation on Saturday is like a prelude that sets the spirit for Sunday. Play yours well. It's a nice tune. You'll hum it contentedly as you bathe and pull up a clean sheet on a young man clean in mind and body—ready for the early hours of a hallowed day.

August 14. Take an hour and really think over this day and what it can mean to you in your life. A growing number of young men and women are lending their weight to eliminating sporting events such as baseball games and tennis tournaments from the Sunday program. You can save a lot of time and energy if you establish your Sunday standards now so that you need never worry about them again as long as you live. Learn what is expected of you and what you believe, and then stand firm.

August 15. Persuade Dad and Mother to take a day or two for a real family camping trip. You don't need fancy equipment, but it is good to have a tent or its equivalent. It is good to have sleeping bags or bedding rolls, a first-aid kit, plain food, and some arrangements for cooking and refrigerating it. Plan simply but well. Get all heads together. It will be something to remember all of your lives.

August 16. This is a good evening to try out your prowess in square dancing. It's fun. Take the trouble to dress the part—blue jeans and a plaid shirt for the boys, a few yards of calico and an hour or two at the sewing machine for the girls!

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

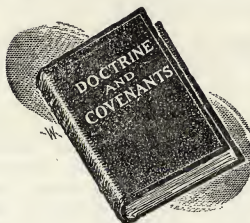
Free Agency And Social Organization

Authoritarianism And Democracy

BY

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Part VII

The Church and Modern Society

A NEW textbook in American government opens with a phrase to the effect that "for better or worse" all men live in society, and that all societies, for better or worse, are embraced in the modern state. A state may be based on the idea of freedom, but the state necessarily implies controls, regulations, enforcement. Where such controls respect the principle of freedom, where authority is subject to popular participation, selection, and removal, and to checks and balances, we may assume we have a democratic state. Where the state is based on the idea of authority, where its purpose and principal objective is control, where freedom is merely incidental, perhaps accidental, where authority is subject to nothing but its own judgment, we may assume we have an authoritarian state.

A principal source of political philosophy and attitudes is found, historically, in religion and religious practice. Much western political philosophy is in heavy debt to the sheer weight of Roman imperial institutions as crystallized in the age of Constantine, and, correspondingly, to the church organization, practice, and teachings which grew out of the Roman world. The idea of one God as an absolute monarch of the universe, seated however wondrously on a topless throne sans parts or passions, contributed much to the political, as well as to the religious philosophy, of the medieval world. From the medieval world came the modern state and most modern churches. It is little wonder that many people, steeped in European, especially continental European, tradition have difficulty in understanding democracy. If thoughtful, they also have a tendency to think that all religion leads automatically to the concept of an authoritarian church as well as to an authoritarian state.

IT may come as something of a shock to many readers of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA that many honest observers, while "liking" the

Latter-day Saints, look askance at our Church organization and government as absolutism, as authoritarian and totalitarian—simply because they view any religion, or religious organization, through the spectacles of the Roman-medieval continental European tradition. Such persons, while basically religious, feel that they have to be irreligious if truly democratic. Accepting democracy, some feel they must oppose the idea of God's existence; for, is not God an absolute monarch? Who ever heard of a theological system, say they, in which God was "elected" by the people and held responsible to them? Therefore, a person, if democratic, has to be so in opposition to religion, as the very idea of God leads to authoritarianism and despotism, however benevolent. It follows, in their thinking, that inasmuch as the Latter-day Saints preach and think much about "divine authority," that although an individual Latter-day Saint may be a "pretty good fellow," their system and their organization has to be viewed with suspicion, because it is essentially authoritarian and anti-democratic. What about this?

Most of these people are impris-

oned by the traditions of European culture, in which God is pictured and viewed something like a heavenly Justinian or Diocletian. They not only overlook the basic idea of the nature of God, and of man, as held in the restored gospel, but they usually know their European political ideas better than they know American political thinkers. Many individuals, even American scholars, dismiss and deny the existence of any real American political philosophy in the sense that Jean Bodin (1530-1596) or Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) produced the same. This is precisely the point! Bodin, Hobbes, and others were captured, held, imprisoned by their medieval cultural inheritance. They could not conceive a state or a society without its final seat of authority, from which everything else derived, whether law and au-

thority in the state or ultimate truth from an absolutistic god! How different are the basic concepts in Latter-day Saint thinking, which in tracing religious concepts back to the pre-existent council of God in organizing and planning the present world, view at once, the existence of a kind of "pluralistic" "pluriverse" with Jesus Christ's selection as Savior and Redeemer resting on agreement and common consent, as well as the choice of God the Father—after discussion and debate in the council! plus the recognition of the existence of the right of disagreement of the forces of Lucifer, and their secession; plus the recognition of the probable varying degrees of "valiance" and "consent" ranging in choice of free individuals between Jesus on the one hand, Lucifer on the other! There grows out of this concept the great idea of the probation and free agency of man on this earth—that the course of existence is not determined

¹Mention could also be made of the Latter-day Saint concept of the plurality of Gods, for which conditioned Christian sects have bitterly attacked us, but which remains an essential ingredient of our theology, together with the plurality of worlds. See Joseph Fielding Smith (ed.), *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, 348-355; John Taylor, *The Gospel Kingdom*, 27-29. See also D. & C. 121:32.

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FREE AGENCY AND SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

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nor settled in advance, but that much depends on the individual and how he uses his time and talent, in relation to God, his fellows, and himself.

THE philosophy of American democracy is rooted in the doctrines of "natural rights." John Wise (1652-1725) was one of the earliest and ablest formulators of these arguments in America. A congregational minister of Ipswich, Massachusetts, Wise, in 1717, published *A Vindication of the Government of the New-England Churches* in which he stoutly defended the congregational principle of common consent and opposed the transfer of control of the churches from the members to the clergy, as suggested by Increase and Cotton Mather. Said Wise:

I shall consider Man in a state of Natural Being, as a Free-Born Subject under the Crown of Heaven, and owing Homage to none but God himself.

He argued that no form of government had been particularly prescribed by God; that the best form was that which suited the nature and inclination of the people, namely, democracy. Wise thus argued for the *government of the church*. Implied from his arguments was the notion that if democracy is the best government for the church, it is obviously the best government for the state, for civil society. His works were much in demand by the leaders of the American revolution.

Wise correctly argued that man must be free, and unless bound by his own consent, owes "homage to none but God himself." This is liberal doctrine. But it is still not as liberal as we find in the restored gospel—man's homage to God is a matter of free, voluntary choice *which cannot be forced!* Although homage may be owed to God in the sense that "every knee" shall bend and tongue confess Jesus, yet we have the pattern of the council of the Gods and the entire plan of salvation—that even when intelligent beings rebel against God, God does not "destroy" them. Rebellion brings sorrow, loss, and evil. Progress becomes retrogression. But nowhere do we find the suggestion

that God, like a mighty monarch, decrees destruction to the souls that rebel against him. Rather, men *will* destruction upon themselves. We read, accordingly, about the "destruction of the wicked" on this earth. But we usually interpret it as a consequence of the evil of men and not as a direct material intervention by God. God respects the individual, law, order, justice, and mercy. We read about Satan being "bound" but not "disintegrated" nor "liquidated" as a personal being.

MARTIN LUTHER (1483-1546) taught the leavening doctrine of "the priesthood of all believers," as opposed to the select priestcraft against which he dissented. The "priesthood of all believers" became a living reality in the Restored Church, where every worthy man may receive it by ordination and common-consent vote. In a very real sense, therefore, it could be maintained that the inspiration and power of God is to all men (and women) in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The story of the development of Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools is a notable case among hundreds, in point, where men and women, "anxiously engaged in a good cause, . . . of their own free will . . . bring to pass much righteousness." (D. & C. 58:27.) (The next verse of the revelation is also worth quoting: "*For the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves.*" [Ibid., 58:28. Italics author's.]) In the case of President David O. McKay, as a second assistant in a stake superintendency of Sunday Schools, a carefully graded course-of-study system was worked out in Ogden

which was eventually adopted, Churchwide. Later, President McKay himself was called to become one of the General Authorities of the Church.² As a matter of order in government, those who hold the keys of the priesthood invoke the common consent of the general membership as to whether or not the Church will sustain certain practices and developments. Sometimes general Church policies have roots in the field, in the inspiration and experience of the general membership of the Church. There are many examples of this. Sometimes these policies have roots in direct inspiration of those who hold the keys to the priesthood. There are also many examples of this.

THE great political invention of the modern world is the written law, in America the written constitution, as a device for popular understanding and control of civil government. In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints we have something similar in the book of Doctrine and Covenants. It is not merely a book of doctrine. It is a book of doctrine and covenants. Many of the sections, if not most, represent ideally, covenants between God and man. But it is fundamental and important to note, that as canon law of the modern Church, the entire volume was adopted *by vote* of the membership of the Church, some things being included that did not purport to be revelations from God—direct evidence of the workings of the democratic spirit.³ This is not to impugn nor defeat the reality of the doctrine of authority. It is, in fact, a demonstration of the way in which really divine, and not pseudo-divine, authority actually operates. The history of the relation between divine authority and the doctrine of common consent in the history of the founding and organization of the Church will demonstrate this fact. Our Church history seems to indicate that the real test of divine authority-in-practice, lies in authority's recognition of and compliance with the doctrine of common consent.

(To be continued)

THE ARTIST

By Arthur Wallace Peach

SHE painted no pictures
That won her fame;
She sang no songs
That brought acclaim.

She wrought in marble
No artistry;
She did not dance
Like dreams set free.

She wrote no music
That thousands played;
But what—with joy and love—
A home she made!

²See Jeannette M. Morrell, "The Sunday School Instructor 208-210, 243, May 1929.

³Activities of President David O. McKay," vol. 84, *See History of the Church*, vol. 2, chapter 18, throughout.

O Ye Of Little Faith

By Marilyn Yarn

The kernel of this story has been told before, by far more competent authors. Whether it is true or not, I do not know. If it is fiction, I am sincerely indebted to its originator and here acknowledge his presence, though I do not know his name. . . . If it is a true tale, it deserves a place in pioneer literature. Whether fact or fiction, it is a great lesson in moral courage and religious faith, and is a story that deserves retelling, and remembering.

I heard it from my grandmother, Carrie Laub Richards; the adaptation is my own.



SHE was tired—terribly tired, and discouraged. She'd played all the games she knew how to play, over and over and over again. And so she sat dejectedly on the old wagon wheel, and picked at the dwarfed sunflowers that grew between the spokes. The yellow petals fell, unheeded, on her dress. Her dress! She'd even forgotten that the sleeves were striped while the rest was flowered. And it had been a major issue this morning, when Mother had emptied the last of the flour into the bin, and had finished her dress with the empty sack.

Then they'd sent her out to play, and told her not to bother them any more that day. She hadn't supposed they meant lunch, too, so she'd gone back when her little stomach signaled "empty." But her mother thrust a shriveled carrot into her hand and pushed her out the door. There was no milk because the cows were starving to death. The grass had all dried up, and they had no feed. There was no bread because the grain was dying for want of water, and what little flour there was left had to be saved against greater need.

She wanted to play with Mother; but Mother's eyes were deep and dark and worried now. She wanted to help Daddy. She loved to run in front of the reapers, and call to her father when she found a bird's nest. It was nice to feel the golden stalks whispering around her, and slapping at her, and swaying before her like the real gold she often pretended it to be. But they hadn't been out to the wheat for some time. And the last time they'd gone, the stalks had

been short and brittle and snapped easily.

Nothing had been right since then. Everything had been drying up. And as the earth dried and crusted, the people seemed to become dry and crusty too—and brittle! There was no whispering or gentle swaying or playful slapping in the group. Every movement, every answer was brittle—and snapped easily.

And so she played dejectedly with the sunflowers that grew between the spokes of an old wagon wheel which lay in the field behind the cabin.

WHAT could she do to help? Daddy said everyone's righteous desires were answered. And so they'd prayed and prayed. Each night the three of them knelt together, and each night Daddy's strong loud voice would fill the room. And she would shake and move closer to Mother. Surely, if God heard anyone, he would hear Daddy. And yet no rain came.

She looked up as a huge foot almost stepped on her.

"Hello, Amanda." The stocky man with the brown hair and the bushy beard lifted her effortlessly into his arms. He, too, was strained and tired-looking. But his eyes were soft and gentle. "You haven't been over to see any of my little boys and girls, lately."

"Mommy wants me to stay close to home."

"That's a good girl to mind," he said and patted her little shoulder. Then with the child still in his arms, he sat down on the old wagon wheel. His eyes and his thoughts took in the heavens.

"Sir?" In his arms she could only see his beard and cheeks.

"Yes." He answered her as a busy father answers a child, not really answering, but responding unconsciously.

"Can I pray, too?"

He looked into the big eyes of the child with surprise. "Why, of course you can pray, child. Don't you say your prayers every night?"

"Mostly Daddy prays for us—for Mommy and me. But I thought that if I prayed, too, maybe it would help. Daddy has to ask for so many other things. But I just could pray for rain 'cause I don't need anything else."

"Pray, my dear. And I know it will help. I know our Father in heaven will hear you and answer. You *should* pray, Amanda. We all should pray—" He stopped short, gave her a long, almost startled look, and repeated, "We *all* should pray." He was almost singing as he hugged her little body to him, then set her on her feet, and strode away.

She watched him for a moment—then dropped to her knees beside the wagon wheel, and folded her arms just as Mother had taught her to do.

When she finished, she walked quickly to her back yard and picked up all the tools she could see lying in the open and placed them under the shelter. She dragged the barrow into the shed and had just tugged her father's shirt off the line when her mother called.

"Amanda—Amanda! Come on! The President just called us all to the Square for a prayer meeting."

"Just a minute, Mommy." And she dashed into the cabin to search for something.

ALL but a few stragglers had arrived when she finally reached the Square with her precious article

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MISSION TO POLYNESIA

In 1843 Addison Pratt and three other elders were called to open a mission for the Church among the Polynesian people on the islands of the Pacific. Knowlton Hanks died and was buried at sea, but Addison, Noah Rogers, and Benjamin F. Grouard reached the Island of Tubuai on April 30, 1844, after spending nearly seven months on the ocean. Elders Rogers and Grouard continued on to Tahiti, but Addison remained on Tubuai at the request of the people to preach the gospel.

V

ALTHOUGH Addison was the first white missionary who had ever lived for any length of time among the people of the island of Tubuai, missionary work had been carried forward on the island for some fifty years by representatives of a Protestant missionary society. And although the society had done much good, including helping to reduce the native language to writing, and translating and printing the Bible, still some of its representatives, Addison heard, were reported to be anything but true Christians.

The first actual contact Addison had with these missionaries came in July after he had been on the island nearly three months. Early one Sabbath morning while Addison was in the village of Mahu, he received word that a ship was at Ma-

The Story of Addison Pratt And The Society Islands Mission

By Doyle L. Green
ASST. MANAGING EDITOR

taura, on the other side of the island. Immediately he dispatched a note to Brother Hill (who was in charge of the branch), asking him to send a message if there were any news of importance. That evening the messenger returned with a letter which revealed that missionaries from the ship had been on shore telling the people "all the scandalous reports that had ever been reported about the Mormons; that Joseph Smith is a liar and a false prophet, and the Book of Mormon is a lie; that his (Joseph Smith's) followers worship him, and also the Virgin Mary, and the Saints, and that there is no difference between the Prophet and the Pope, and much more of that stuff." The letter also stated that the members of the Church wished Addison to come over on the morrow without fail.

EARLY Monday morning, Addison, accompanied by a number of na-

tives from Mahu, left for Mataura. When they arrived, they were met by Church members and friends, who were more than a little happy to see their missionary. At the time the newly arrived missionaries were in the chapel, teaching some new hymns to the people.

Addison and his friends walked into the building between songs. After introductions were made, Addison offered his hand. "No," said one of the missionaries, "I shall not give my hand until we are better acquainted."

Addison said nothing but sat down in front where he could "look them full in the face."

After the services were over, one of the men, by the name of Howe, said to Addison, "I understand that you have come to these islands in the capacity of a preacher."

"That I have," Addison answered.

"I suppose that you are aware that many years ago our missionary society established a mission among these islands at a very vast expense." Then he continued at some length, describing the work they had done and the sacrifices they had made. "And now," he continued, "we have the Bible translated into this language. . . ."

"And now that you have the Bible translated into their language," Ad-



dison said when he finished, "are you unwilling to have it preached to them?"

Taken aback, Mr. Howe answered, "No, not if you preach the Bible to them."

"I preach nothing else," Addison said.

"But," protested the minister, "I understand you have another book you call a bible that you teach them from."

"It is a mistake," Addison answered. "We have no book that we call a bible but the Old and New Testament. We have a book we call the Book of Mormon, but it is no use to teach them anything from that till they understand the Bible well."

A long discussion of the principles of the gospel followed. Toward the end of the conversation Addison asked if they believed in the second coming of Christ.

"To be sure we do."

"And how will he come?"

"Precisely as it says, 'But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.'" (Matt. 24:37.)

"And how was that?" Addison asked.

"Why, they were eating and drinking till the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the floods came and swept them all away."

"Did it take them unawares?"

"It did."

"Would it have come upon them so, had they taken the warning the Lord sent them?"

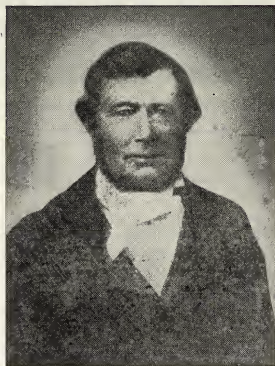
To this question the missionary did not answer. So Addison continued: "How was it in the days of Noah? It was thus: The Lord raised up a prophet and told him to go forth and warn the people faithfully, and if they did not repent of their sins and turn from their wicked ways, he would bring upon them a flood that would destroy them all. This prophet went forth according to command, but the people made light of what he said, notwithstanding he was warning 120 years.

"Toward the close of the period God commanded him to build an ark, and set it on dry land. This was another warning before their eyes, but they made sport of it all. And the Lord brought upon them the flood as he promised without

Noah ever making a convert that we have any record of.

"Precisely so it is in these last days. The Lord raised up his Prophet, whose name is Joseph Smith, and ordered him to establish the Church of Jesus Christ according to its original plan. He has obeyed the command and has sent forth the servants, of whom I am one, to warn the people."

Then holding up his right hand toward heaven, he continued: "I call upon the heavenly hosts to witness that I know Joseph Smith is a good man and a Prophet of the



ADDISON PRATT

Lord, and I know this work is preparatory to the second coming of Christ, and if I lie, I lie in the name of the Lord. Eternal damnation, and nothing less, is the penalty for such a crime. But if I am telling the truth and you heed it not, you will have to suffer the consequences."

"I roared on them like a lion," Addison wrote in a letter home. "I believe my eyes flashed, for I felt as if I could swallow them all at one mouthful."

Advancing some other points of doctrine, Addison offered the missionaries his Bible to find scriptures to confute them. But the missionaries, dumbfounded by the strength and power of Addison's testimony, replied that they had to go aboard the ship. And anyway they said, as long as Addison preached the truth, they would pray for his success, but if he preached error, they would pray that it might fall to the ground.

"Our prayers are united, then,"

Addison said, and handed them a copy of the Book of Mormon and "The Voice of Warning," a tract by Parley P. Pratt. "If you will pray for me on this basis, I will make the same prayers for you."

The three then hurried out of the church but remained on the island for several hours before they returned to the ship.

ON the first Sabbath following the missionaries' visit to the island, Addison devoted his talks to points that had been raised by them, especially concerning proper conduct, authority, and baptism. Realizing the great power of proper example, he said: "You all have been eyewitnesses to my conduct for more than five months, and you know well whether I have acted the part of a good man or a bad one. So you have not to go to them (the missionaries) for my character, nor need I tell you any tales about them. You know well their precepts and their examples. You are eyewitnesses that I have taught you nothing but what I practise myself."

The visit of the missionaries to the island greatly strengthened Addison's position, rather than weakened it.

Many years earlier the missionary society had set aside one day each year for an annual meeting of all the people on the island for the purpose of collecting a "tax" of arrowroot and coconut oil. The day was set up to be one of feasting and merriment, as an incentive to the people to participate and contribute large amounts of produce to the society.

In the year 1844, preparations for the feast went on as usual. Large underground ovens were prepared and heated, and onto the hot rocks to be covered by leaves and sand went five full grown pigs, hundreds of fish, generous amounts of taro for poi, and other vegetables.

At sunrise on the festive day, virtually the entire population of the island gathered to hear a sermon preached by Addison. Then the feast took place. Addison thought that he had never seen such great quantities of food. It was served, a share to each of the families on the islands, on a long table consisting of coconut leaves spread on the ground. Addison's portion was half a hog, and vegetables in proportion. No one could eat his share of food,

(Continued on page 532)



Brush dam in the San Juan River near Bluff. This particular dam was built in 1910 and saved Bluff from destruction.

SYNOPSIS

IN the year 1851, President Brigham Young sent colonies to extend the Mormon territory to the south. Those who went had to fight four adversaries: the Utes, the Navajos, the renegade whites, and nature, which seemed at times the greatest adversary of all. No treaty with the United States could guarantee the settlers from the depredations of the Navajos. Even Kit Carson who displaced the Indians had found it impossible to quell them. Jacob Hamblin and Thales Haskell genuinely loved the Indians, and time after time won them to a reluctant peace, only to have it broken again because of the actions of the renegade whites. But at last the Mormons had begun their settlement, in the face of Indian attack and nature.

XI

THE Piutes grinned their perfect security and took every unguarded thing they wanted. The coming of the Mormons to their country was a most fortunate windfall which they intended to gather in spite of Mormon protests, Mormon guards, and Mormon herders also, and with extra contempt, in spite of all the imaginary evils which Haskell had predicted upon them.

Erastus Snow had predicted that the unfriendly Indians would melt away, yet the most unfriendly of them were enjoying good health and unusual prosperity. They lived easy and fat and fearless. Their grand champion, Frank, was the image of Navajo affluence.

But the end was not yet. These

vessels of tribulation, called to the peculiar mission of "turning the other cheek also," and acting as the indispensable shock absorber between Utah's older settlements and a pack of threatening evils, were destined to be brought low many times within an inch of their lives, but never to perish under the heel of their major enemies. True, they had not yet conquered the first of those enemies, but they were to fight on and on, panting and persisting and praying on the edge of despair.

The changes which come in human fortunes may be by slow and imperceptible degrees, but there are times when they come with stunning suddenness. That is the way they broke on the despoilers of the fort.

A big Navajo came slowly on his pony from the way of the river. Carefully and pantingly he dismounted at Haskell's door and went stooping inside with feeble step. It was the grand champion, Frank, his vigorous physique blighted like a squash in the frost of October. Something in the nature of quick consumption had made his great lungs cave in as a deflated balloon, and he wheezed and gasped for enough breath to keep him alive.

"Tell your God—" he gasped, in desperation of appeal, and paused for more breath, "tell your God I've quit stealing your horses."

The Fort on the

"Until you get well?" asked Haskell, without looking up.

"Tell him if he'll let me live, I'll never touch any of your horses again," and Frank leaned despairingly on the table as he delivered the last words of his appeal.

A strange and deadly malady seized Norgwinup's two roughneck sons, and left them stark and stiff by the fire in the wickiup. A cold chill ran through both tribes. While the chill lingered, half a dozen other inveterate Piute thieves met with heavy misfortune or death, and some of Old Frank's most ardent disciples suffered surprising reverses.

Frank lived ten or fifteen years after that, a poor, broken, humbled wreck of the splendid figure he used to be, and he had a story to tell about the fury of the Mormon God and his love for his people.

CATTLE and horses were safe for the present, so far as the Indians were concerned, but in as much danger as ever from thieves.

As the immunity from arrest in San Juan was whispered more widely in the realm of crime, the stream of "white trash" swelled in volume. If they could just reach the borders of San Juan, they could work in safety for a grubstake with one of the cow-outsfits at Blue Mountain,

or at the worst they could appropriate a fresh horse, or hide among the rocks eating somebody's beef till they could go farther. From San Juan they could skip in any one of ten directions with nine chances to one of not being followed, and then with a sure chance of obliterating whoever might be so stupid as to follow them.

With a pistol on each hip and a long gun under their saddle-fender, they stopped frequently at San Juan Co-op for coffee and bacon, appearing from nowhere and vanishing into the same place. Every good horse not being watched or hidden in some terrible gulch, or on some inaccessible mesa, vanished with mysterious suddenness never to be seen again.

The men of the fort clung for

Firing Line

By Albert R. Lyman

their very lives to all the cattle and horses they could save from the prowlers, but they had no summer range. It was hard on cattle to live through the warm months in the low country, and then have to winter on the hills they had grazed bare. This, even without any other of their hindrances, would prevent them from increasing their herds. Blue Mountain was claimed by the aggressive cattle kings who had come in from Colorado, and they would endure no crowding. LaSal, too, besides being rather too far away, was

taken by them, and the flat-topped Elk Mountain, fifty miles to the northwest of Bluff, was claimed and monopolized by the Piutes. It was their sacred hunting ground, a reserved area of primeval wilderness such as their fathers had enjoyed before the invasion of white men. Also, it was a safe and ready retreat after the punitive expeditions they had made and would yet make against those white invaders.

If the San Juan Mission were ever to succeed as a buffer state, to endure as the lightning rod for catching and neutralizing every blast of fury before it could cross the Colorado River, and if the mission were ever to become sufficiently strong and influential to soothe and tame the source from which the lightning generated, then it would have to lift its head above the sluggish tide of poverty. If it were ever to master its three major adversaries, it would have to have more cattle, and that meant a summer range.

With this vital phase of the situa-

tion in mind, Platte D. Lyman, Joseph F. Barton, and Orrin Kelsey rigged out with pack horses to explore the mountain, known to the Indians only who guarded its trails from all intruders. Those trails had not yet been found by the outside, and the Piutes intended they should never be found. The Elk Mountain is a tableland, and much of its precipitous rim length is difficult or impossible of ascent.

The Piutes occupied the three valleys east of the mountain, and they made it their business to see that no one passed through to climb the steep west of them. Platte Lyman and his companions succeeded in getting into First Valley without being seen, but when they undertook to climb the mountain, there was no trail, but a steep surface of rugged rock.

Tying their horses to the cedars, the three men scrambled up afoot to the top and found a wonderful country of tall timber and waving grass, rich underbrush, and flowers. They walked all day, going as far as what is now known as Wooden Shoes, and returned in the evening enthusiastic over the prospect. They got back to Bluff without being seen by the Piutes, but their tracks through that sacred solitude nettled the Indians, and their resentful responses along with other worries and surprises hindered the Bluff men for months from exploring further.

WHEN, after a long time they were free to go again, Platte Lyman, Kumen Jones, and Hyrum Perkins succeeded only in getting into the edge of First Valley before the vigilant Piutes rushed out and

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An early photograph of a grave at Soldier Crossing

The anchorage for Amasa Barton's waterwheel, standing on the bare shelf of rock after sixty-two years. This protruding log, seventy-five feet above the river, held a treadmill in which a donkey worked.



THE FORT ON THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from page 507)

formed themselves into a dark half circle across the trail ahead of them and back along each side. Every one of those dusky faces was hard and unyielding; not one of them would answer a question nor speak, but among themselves. They simply sat there on their cayuses looking as grim and terrible as they could, a silent and fearsome protest against any admission to their sacred mountain.

The three men, exercising such benevolent chivalry as they could with an adversary frozen to silence, turned back around one end of the half circle and rode forward again, hoping to follow the trail they were on to the top of the mountain. That trail led through the cedars to Second Valley and on to the ridge of rocks and trees to the north, but there it had been camouflaged with jealous care: a web of tracks in all directions, no trail at all, and they stopped in bewilderment looking for a possible way to go.

Then out from the forest around them came the slender Piute boy, Henry, riding a lean roan colt; Henry, whose honest, youthful heart, like a gem nestling with crude stones, had made glad response to Haskell's fervent words. Hurriedly in an undertone he directed the three men where to go, and when they turned to ask him more questions, he was gone. Yet again when they paused in perplexity, he appeared as before, showed them the way and vanished in a clump of cedars. Up along the narrow backbone, hidden by the trees, and then along the shelf to what is known as Dwarf Spring, he directed them, riding out many times from the cover of trees and brush and dodging from sight lest his people should know the part he was taking. He led them to Kigaly Spring, and to the other good springs of the mountain, his copper face agleam with the radiant light of friendship.

The three explorers camped at Kigaly Spring, and in the evening that ugly half circle of Piutes from First Valley, having followed them up, came stringing down through the quaking aspens and stopped silent and sinister around their camp. With their dark faces set in harder lines than they had worn in the val-

ley below, they appeared to be resolved on some vengeful action. Henry was not with them; he had been in sight but a few minutes before and was no doubt watching from cover.

The three explorers took silent account of what this demonstration was intended to suggest, and what it might really mean. They considered how they were beyond the end of the known trail and fifty miles from Bluff, and how Bluff was three or four times that far from any help on whom they might call in case of trouble. They could appreciate also how serious this matter was to the Piutes who, if they allowed any invasion of their retreat, would lose their precious hunting-ground and be overrun by the outside. Their appreciation of this very thing showed in their angry faces, and they had nothing to fear from any method by which they might want to register their objections. It was their own world where they were and had ever been supreme. Uncle Sam's laws could not reach them whatever they decided to do.

Fighting silently a battle for calmness within, yet hiding all outward signs of the conflict, the scouts searched their souls for all the strategies of the new warfare. The prime objective just now was not to get a summer range for the people of the fort, but to foil what might be death in this trackless mountain. They talked freely with each other about things in general, preserving an appearance of complete unconcern.

Moncopi Mike was the leading spirit of the gang—he with the Berkshire boar neck and the one who, according to the sworn statement of the Navajos, had murdered Mitchel and Myrick with his own hand. He glared at the three men with muddy eyes, toying all the time with the stock of his pistol as if about to take it from the holster.

Mike's men stood waiting for his initial word of beginning on the big things he had boasted he would do, but whether or not his gang was aware of it, he was exerting himself to his utmost in an unseen conflict with these bold invaders. It was that inevitable contest which begins the moment when eyes of enemies meet. Mike glared at them

and searched eagerly for any tremor of fear, for the least sign of any weakening under the weight of his wrath and could find no fit moment for his initial growl. They were simply wearing him out with their stubborn composure, and finding it impossible to maintain such a mighty pitch without it even being recognized, and his dignity about to shrink in the estimation of his waiting braves, he signaled them to move on, and they camped in a grove of oak fifty yards down the canyon. Henry came down the hill over their trail as if he had been following them and joined them where they seemed to be holding a powwow.

Mike had to make some face-saving explanations; he had met with something unexpected, and in spite of all his boasts, his men had to watch in vain while he did nothing. In half an hour he came back along to where the three men had camped, still with no word to say, apparently hoping to take up the fight where he had left off, to inspire the fear and find the opportunity of redeeming his dignity of leadership. Platte Lyman spread a big slice of bread with homemade molasses and held it forth to him without a word. And without a word Mike took it and closed his ponderous mouth over one wide corner. It made but a few bites for him, but he got a second and a third slice, munching them with audible relish.

His dark countenance changed, there was a weakening around the corners of his wide mouth, "Nini tooitch tickaboo," he grunted. (I like you.)

Full of bread and molasses, he sauntered away to bring the other Indians and talk it over. As the night winds moaned over them through the tall pines, they reached an understanding in which the Piutes agreed to a certain price for the use of their mountain. But besides the stipulated amount which they knew would be paid in liberal measure, they had dreams of finding fat cattle and valuable horses in the thickly-wooded canyons of their retreat where they could enjoy much desirable privacy in helping themselves. It was easy to track a thief

(Continued on page 528)

the spoken word

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE

By RICHARD L. EVANS

To a Generation Leaving School

As each school year comes to a close, another generation of young people are appraised and promoted and graded and graduated. Many, of course, will return to continue their studies; some will go to higher halls of learning; but each year there are many who forever leave school doors behind—leave teachers, and campus, and cherished companions. And despite all outward exuberance and all expressions of relief, it is a sober time for youth, as they leave their days of preparation to go out into a world that expects performance. And as they go forth to assume their share of the world's burdens and responsibilities, it is exceedingly important that they take with them much more than formal facts committed to memory. It is important that they take with them a reliable sense of values, the ability to sift the facts from the fallacies, the truths from the theories, the essentials from the non-essentials. We must in fairness be reminded that some things we have learned with great effort will soon be forgotten; that some of this year's textbooks may next year become obsolete; that many theories will change; that added truth is constantly coming to light. But if we have learned to keep our minds open for all that the future may bring forth; if we have learned to value high qualities of character above mere intellectual acumen; if we have learned to avoid intolerant dogmatism, academic or otherwise, and have learned to guard against assuming that our education is com-

plete, we shall be better prepared to meet the many adjustments that are sure to come. And now as to the future: It would be difficult to appraise the permanent prospects of any particular occupation or profession. But no matter what lies before us, character, faith, intelligence, loyalty, and reliability will always be held at high premium; and the future holds much promise for the well-trained young man or young woman so long as he is willing to work and so long as he has not lost the capacity to learn. But more tragic than he who thinks there are no more worlds to conquer is he who thinks he has finished his education. And more tragic than either is he who supposes that there are no more truths to be discovered, that there are no further facts to come forth.

Revised

—June 5, 1949.

The Fallacy of Averages

PERHAPS it is an opportune time to pay our respects again to the fallacy of figures. We are sometimes inclined to look with considerable satisfaction upon columns of assorted figures which seem to indicate that all is well with the average. But statistical columns seldom take all of the facts into account, and this elusive individual known as "the average" is rarely found. The fallacy of averages appears when we begin to look at what lies above

and below the average. The fact that the average man isn't starving doesn't tell us anything about the man who is starving. The fact that the average man may try to meet his honest obligations doesn't prove anything about the people who don't make much effort to meet their obligations. The fact that the average rainfall is adequate doesn't give much comfort to a farmer who has to face floods at one time and burning drouth at another. The fact that the average temperature in a certain city is seventy degrees doesn't take into account that it may be unbearably cold in the winter and unbearably hot in summer. The Savior of the world once preached a sermon on the fallacy of averages. You won't find these very words in holy writ. But you will remember the parable of the ninety and nine sheep who were safe, and of the one who was lost. If the Good Shepherd had been deceived by the fallacy of averages, he would perhaps have failed to go forth to find the one who was lost. Averages may not mean much when we are speaking of your children or of mine, or of ourselves or even of other men. "You may prove anything by figures," wrote Thomas Carlyle. But every man, woman, and child who walks the earth is an individual with his own immortal identity, and the personal problems of people are not frequently solved by figures or by fixed formulas from far places. We must look at people and their problems individually and with open eyes. Figures can be made to fool us if we let them.

Revised

—June 12, 1949.

(Concluded on page 510)



HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATION-WIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN TIME, 10:30 A.M. CENTRAL TIME, 9:30 A.M. MOUNTAIN TIME, AND 8:30 A.M. PACIFIC TIME.

THE SPOKEN WORD

(Concluded from page 509)

Is It Right?

CONSTANTLY we are all confronted with many prospects and possibilities and proposals. Indeed, life is an endless series of decisions. And one of the questions frequently asked when proposals are presented is this: "What is there in it for me?" It isn't always so frankly phrased or so bluntly stated as this, but it is often the first question asked, nevertheless. Surely it is not improper that the question of personal profit should frequently present itself, but it is exceedingly doubtful if the matter of material gain should ever be the first question. Rather, should not the first question to any proposal be simply this: "Is it right?" A large part of all the proposals that are made in

the world could easily be eliminated from further discussion simply by asking this one question: "Is it right?" If it is, we may well consider it further. We may then reasonably ask whether or not it is convenient, whether or not it is profitable, whether or not we want to do it. But if it isn't right, we are wasting our time in asking any other question, because if it isn't right, it isn't worth it, no matter what else there may be in it for anyone. In the materialistic mode of our day, this may sound to some like impractical idealism. Cynicism would surely sweep it aside. But actually it is a hard-headed fact, an unalterable reality, for which all time, all experience, all happiness and unhappiness, all success and failure provide the proof. There is no other basis on which we should entertain any

proposal from anyone until we have asked this one first question. And this is true in social situations, business opportunities, in matters of profit or popularity, in private and in public. Putting the wrong question first, and giving it the wrong answer may well complicate and compromise life from that time forth. And so, whenever we have a choice to make, a decision to reach, a proposal to consider, an opportunity to weigh, this is the first question: "Is it right?" Then, and only then, it may be time to ask other questions, including, perhaps: "What is there in it for me?" But if it isn't right, there is nothing in it that we or anyone else can afford. If it isn't right, the other questions don't matter. If it isn't right, let it alone.

—June 19, 1949.

Looking Beyond Labels

EMERSON wrote in one of his essays: "I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names. . . ." It is undeniably true that we often accept things for what they seem to be on the surface. One look at a label is often all we ask. We are sometimes so impressed with names that we may not look closely enough at the man. Sometimes we accept a person merely because of the company he keeps. Perhaps it is generally true that people can be judged by the company they keep, but it is not invariably true, nor is it invariably a fair or adequate or safe judgment. We cannot always accept a man simply

because he belongs to what seems to be acceptable society, nor can we always condemn him simply because he doesn't. If we accept the wolf in sheep's clothing, we still have a wolf and not a sheep. This isn't true only of people; it is true also of actions, of things, of virtues and vices. An unworthy act isn't good merely because it is performed by a man who has a reputation for goodness. And a worthy act isn't bad merely because it is performed by someone who is held in poor repute. All of us have our faults, and all of us have our virtues, and we must not expect our faults to be condoned merely because they travel with our virtues. To go back to Emerson's idea, it is hazardous to

be too much impressed with names and badges and labels and to accept things or people merely because they are traveling with others who are accepted. Every man has a right to be, and must expect to be, judged on his own merits. Badges don't make men; names don't change the nature of things; vices don't become virtues simply because they travel with virtues. If we accept a poisonous toadstool simply because it is traveling with edible mushrooms, we are in trouble. It isn't safe to accept people or things or ideas simply because they are traveling in what seems to be acceptable society. Everything should be considered for itself.

—June 26, 1949.

—Self-Reliance

FAITH, FEAR, AND THE BATTLE OF IDEAS

(Concluded from page 483)

matters little) could produce in time the undesired communist victory by default. If democracy, free enterprise, the Christian religion, freedom of conscience and association are to be preserved, it will be as much by the validity of an underlying faith as in material ability. Communism involves, true, more than ideological warfare. But that warfare requires the power of

ideas on the side of those who oppose communism. All the material power of the Roman Empire was insufficient to halt the spread of the idea of Christ and him crucified. The testimony of Joseph Smith survived the shot and lead of Carthage Jail. Even God, the Father, permits Satan freedom of conscience and much freedom of action! Perhaps the real questions for western

democrats, for disciples of free enterprise and free elections, of multiple parties and the right to disagree, are: "What is our faith? Upon what is it grounded? How does it operate in the lives of men? How is evil resisted?" As in basketball, the best defense in the battle of ideas may be a good offense—in this case, effective rendition of democracy and not hysteria.



Bookrack

AT THIS SAME HOUR

(Richard L. Evans. Harper & Bros., New York. 1949. 207 pages. \$2.00.)

SO popular have been the "sermonettes" on the Tabernacle Choir and Organ broadcast that this is the fourth published book which has been eagerly awaited by a receptive public. *At This Same Hour*, like the other three, abounds in thoughtful "capsules"—to borrow the author's word from his dedication. One of the virtues of this book is that no matter how busy a person is, he can get time enough to read some of these bits on which to ponder until he gets time to read some more of these thought-provoking paragraphs. Another convenience that has been attended to is the size of the book which permits easy carrying for ready accessibility of reading.

The book includes something more than 150 sermonettes classified under ten great heads with subdivisions and specific titles falling under these. In addition there is a section which includes sermonettes on Special Days. *At This Same Hour* is more than enough to prove a stimulus to every reader and thinker.—M. C. J.

THESE ALSO BELIEVE

(Charles Samuel Braden. Macmillan Co., New York. 1949. 491 pages. \$6.00.)

THIS study of "Modern American Cults" is essentially an interesting and unbiased presentation of the history and doctrine of thirteen so-called "minority religious movements in America." The list begins with Father Divine and ends with Mormonism, touching on the way Psychiana, New Thought, Unity, Christian Science, Theosophy, I Am, Liberal Catholic Church, Spiritualism, Jehovah's Witnesses, Anglo-Israel, and the Oxford Group.

It is the best, if not the only, attempt to present these various forms of belief in one easily read volume.

The work is well done as would be expected from the distinguished professor of the history and literature of religions in Northwestern University.

The chapter on Mormonism (32 pages) is fair and generally correct, following authoritative Church sources. However, in discussing the conflicting opinions concerning Mormon origins, the author overlooks the sanest, modern non-Mormon views by following too closely Arbaugh's *Revelation in Mormonism*, an unreliable

volume, which, for example, accepts in this day the theory, long since exploded, that Sidney Rigdon wrote the Book of Mormon, or the disproved theory that the story of the first vision was concocted by Joseph Smith in 1838, and fails to note that the Anthon Transcript, published over a century ago, and still existing, has been shown to be Egyptian as claimed by the Book of Mormon.

Dr. Braden's informative book sets out clearly that when eternal truth is not the basis of religious thought, only confusion follows.—J. A. W.

THREE TIMELY TREASURES

Leon M. Strong. Published by Leon M. Strong, Sugar City, Idaho. 1948. 103 pages. \$1.50.)

THE author has spent a lifetime of teaching in the department of education of the Church. From his studies he has selected three discussions of general interest. The first deals with the dispensations of the gospel: the meaning of a dispensation, when dispensations occurred, and other information of interest to gospel students. The second is a discussion of the lost tribes, setting forth the scriptural arguments for their existence and present location. The two theories of their whereabouts are mentioned, without taking sides in this interesting discussion. The third is a history of the tribe of Judah, which is of special interest to Latter-day Saints because of the descent of Jesus the Christ. There are informative tables that show the relationship of the various leaders of the Jewish kingdom before Christ and after.

It is an interesting little volume that will quite repay the short time needed in reading it.—J. A. W.

SHORT STORY CRAFT

(Lillian Gilkes and Warren Bower. Macmillan Co., New York. 1949. 501 pages. \$3.50.)

IN addition to the "Introduction" and "Memo from the Editor's Desk," which afford a wise and careful analysis of short story technique and reasons for rejections, the book includes twenty-seven examples of short stories by recognized writers of this medium. By a thoughtful analysis of these stories, with a consideration of all the suggestions in the first two sections of the book, the readers will be sure to develop a basic idea of how they may improve their own writing—or their reading.—M. C. J.

RISE UP AND WALK

(Percy Elliott Lindley. Chapman and Grimes, Boston. 1949. 171 pages. \$2.50.)

DR. LINDLEY, Dean of Hyde Point College and also Professor of Religious Education has attempted in the twelve chapters of this book to inspire youth to the higher goals of life. Not only does the author use his own thoughts in this task, but he also presents a wealth of stories and anecdotes from the lives of great people, encouraging to every upward striving youth. The collection of anecdotes itself would justify this book. It should be very useful in the building of character.—J. A. W.

THEIR FINEST HOUR

(Winston S. Churchill. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1949. 751 pages. \$6.00.)

THIS book, the second volume of Winston Churchill's history of World War II, carries on from *The Gathering Storm* in Churchill's inimitable manner—and unusual vitriolic charm, and unique language and style. To the Americans there may be a bit of acid in the theme of the volume in which Churchill states: "How the British people held the fort ALONE till those who hitherto had been half blind were half ready." No one can use mouth-filling, soul-stirring, fighting words any better than can Churchill—and this book is a good example of his language as well as of his philosophy. Students of rhetoric as well as students of history will find this book of great value.

It, together with *The Gathering Storm*, is an invaluable source book which will more than prove its value not only currently but also in the years to come.—M. C. J.

KNOW THE BIBLE

(Arranged and compiled by Benjamin B. Alward. Stevens & Wallis, Inc., Salt Lake City. 1949. 184 pages. \$1.00. \$1.50 in cloth.)

TOO FEW people in the Western Hemisphere know the Bible well enough to quote chapter and verse. This reference book, arranged under sixty questions and topics of vital importance, gives quotations to indicate answers and solutions.

For Christians everywhere, this book will prove stimulating to try to learn the answers by accurate quotations from the Book of books. It would make an interesting volume to keep close to the family gathering place and make use of it during meals and home evenings.—M. C. J.

(Concluded on page 519)

Editorials

Youth in Action

ACHIEVEMENT follows work as surely and inevitably as night follows day. The glorious gathering of youth and its leaders in the M.I.A. June conference exemplifies the motivating power of a great cause, and the breathtaking results of that ideal through the months that precede this great gathering.

To watch original roadshows and drama, to hear twelve hundred young folk lift their voices in song, to see 3,400 young people dance in the great outdoor stadium under the intense blue of the evening sky and the stars, to listen to youth express themselves in formal speech and in testimony—these are never-to-be-forgotten experiences, the joy of which lights the way to another year's efforts.

Great as these events are—and they afford a rare spiritual and recreational treat—behind them stands the idea which initiated them: that of providing well-rounded activities and lessons throughout the days, weeks, and months of the entire year. The culminating programs afford spectacles of inestimable worth, but the over-all achievement lies in the week-by-week planning and execution of those plans. Thus, an equally exceptional feature of June conference is the preparation program for the coming year's work, presented in special department sessions.

This year departments were held for stake board workers, an innovation that assuredly proved its worth. Also a special session for Indian correlation work was called for the first time. In all, thirty-two department sessions convened in which the succeeding year's work was projected. In addition to the three festivals five general meetings were held for the entire group of youth and their leaders who attended conference.

Something inexplicable occurs when great groups come together, motivated by the same stirring ideals—and June conference was a glorious example. To the six hundred and forty Junior girls of the Church who danced in the livening M.I.A. colors of gold and green, there came a feeling of solidarity that no amount of talking could induce. Merely knowing that there were many others of their own age who were guided by the same ideals, who accepted the same standards, who enjoyed the same kind of activities, will be a force for good that is inestimable. A joyous restraint will come to their minds and hearts when they realize that "everybody is doing it" in a wholesome, enjoyable manner, with no after regrets which sometimes follow activities.

To those who sang in the famed Tabernacle

will come the feeling that they are part of a great tradition that must continue and grow even greater as a result of their lives and actions. The feeling for drama which has been so marked from the founding of the Church will receive an impetus which will promote even greater activity in this worthy recreation as a result of the drama festival.

M.I.A. is a compelling magnet when it can draw people from Florida, New York, California—and all points between; from Hawaii, Canada, and Mexico; and these come at their own expense to participate in and receive inspiration from June conference. It is a great catalyzer in that it sends these people back to their home areas with the program in order that it may be diffused into the wards, branches, stakes, and missions and gathered together for another glorious June conference.—M. C. J.

ERA Writers' Conference

WRITERS have a great responsibility in whatever medium or media they may present their ideas, but writers for the ERA have an even greater responsibility since a magazine for the Church must bear the scrutiny of even the most critical on everything that is published within its pages.

The recently held ERA writers' conference (June 16, 1949) was of especial value in order that the editorial staff might come to know the writers personally and recognize them individually. And it was fun to speak with them both informally and formally. It was a joy to hear them read or discuss their own work, and it was stimulating to listen to those who came to instruct.

It was also gratifying to learn that so many were interested in this conference, the first of its kind for this publication. In venturing to estimate the response, the ERA staff timidly vouchsafed that there might be fifty who would attend. When the final count was made, it was learned that more than one hundred and fifty attended. It has been especially gratifying to hear from many of those who attended that they were pleased with this initial conference and felt that it accomplished the purpose for which it was called, that of acquainting writers with ERA needs and procedures as well as of acquainting the ERA editorial board with the exceptional writers who make the magazine a real force in promoting intelligent, worth-while reading.

Naturally, there are ideas and programing that could be perfected for another year, but the whole-hearted response to this call to writers has been most gratifying and stimulating to the ERA staff and has made the members of it begin already to initiate plans for another year's conference with ERA writers.—M. C. J.

Evidences and Reconciliations

xxxvii. *Is Religion Needed in an Age of Science?*

WE live literally in an age of science. In every factory, farm, and home are helps undreamed of a century or two ago. On every man's table today are things beyond the reach of kings or potentates before science began its onward march. The change in human life, in comforts and luxuries, since the scientific age began, is beyond understanding. All this is received gratefully by the people of the world.

This has come about because about three hundred years ago men began to search out the laws of nature. With every new discovery came other discoveries. The knowledge of man grew so rapidly that many new sciences were born. Today the multiplicity of knowledge won from the study of nature is bewildering. No one man can know all that has been discovered. The best a person can do in our day is to occupy some little corner of human knowledge and make himself strong therein.

It was a great day for human welfare when people began to replace traditions and imaginations with answers of nature herself to questions asked by man. Since that time we have seen the universe with clearer vision, and now we refuse to accept any statement which has not been tried out by the powers with which nature has endowed man.

Through the advancement of science man has not only learned to understand the laws of nature, but he has also obtained great power over the surrounding forces of nature. Trees are blown out of the ground; rock is blasted out of the mountain; falling water now turns turbines and motors to perform much of the work that man formerly had to do with his hands. In countless ways power has been won over conditions that formerly defied human efforts.

These great achievements filled men with a sense of pride. They were masters of nature. They forgot the higher power—God. They sought more knowledge and paid little attention to the proper use of increased knowledge. Unfortunately, therefore, as powers multiplied, they were not always used for the best interests of humanity. Powder, for example, useful in clearing forests or tunneling in mountains for coal or valuable minerals, became also a tool in the hands of evil. Guns and cannons were made to destroy human beings. The release of atomic forces with their promise of tremendous service to mankind has so far been used only in terrible, unspeakable destruction of life. The wars of the present are a thousandfold

more horrible than those of past ages when men fought with simple instruments, each one against his opponent.

It must be confessed that, while science has brought ease into man's daily work, it has also often reduced man to beast-like conditions. This misuse of new discoveries has become so grievous as to make man wonder if science is really an un-mixed blessing; for example, the discovery of how the atomic forces of certain elements may be released has therefore been received with fear rather than joy.

The situation has become so serious that many scientific men have at last accepted their full responsibility and have set up the dogma that a man who makes a discovery in science must thereafter concern himself with its proper use among men. It must be watched over so that it may help advance the welfare of men. Gradually, this conception is moving in upon all workers in science. Scientific men are being held responsible, in part at least, for the use to which their discoveries are put.

Here religion steps in. After a great discovery has been made, what are the right or wrong purposes for which it may be employed? How may it be used for the common good?

What are the standards of right and wrong? What is the common good? To these questions science is silent. There is but one field, the field of religion, in which the standards of right and wrong, of human behavior, are set up and where the seeker may find courage to cling to the right and eschew wrong in discoveries made.

The doctrine of the common good, which is the essence of religion, is a basic principle in the plan of salvation, laid out by the Lord for his children on earth.

It is left to man to apply facts as they may be discovered, for human benefit. That is a religious process, for the common good implies the existence and purpose of God, and man's relationship to him.

Religion is able to answer the questions that may be asked by delvers of science into the mysteries of nature. Religion asserts that all men are the children of God; that they were placed on earth to become acquainted with the elements of earth; and to learn to control themselves, by directing the laws of nature to the good of man.

Every discovery of science should be used for the good of man, in harmony with his divine plan. That is a thought greatly needed by science. The vastness of the discovered universe is an evidence of the fathomless nature of the supreme Intelligence who made this universe possible. Science may become a faith-promoting subject of consideration

(Concluded on page 538)



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SAFETY IS ONLY COMMON SENSE

By Barney Schwartz

IT happened suddenly. Traffic accidents always do. The baby didn't cry. There wasn't time. He was crushed, lifeless, as the perambulator was crumpled under the wheels of the automobile.

The mother had tried desperately, frantically, to pull back the small cart, but even in a split-second there's too much time between realization and action.

A few minutes before, the baby was prattling innocently, trustingly. Then his mother started across the street, pushing the low perambulator *with him in it*, not thinking it necessary to carry him in her arms. Wouldn't it seem silly to push an empty cart? Silly? This baby's carriage became a death trap on a street in a California metropolis!

The driver's fault? That is no consolation at a funeral.

There are no statutes decreeing a baby must be carried across a street. Be your own lawmaker about it. Better an empty carriage for a few minutes than an empty crib for a lifetime!

A DOTING AUNT took her small nephew for an automobile ride, and was overjoyed at the cuteness of the baby standing on her lap and holding the steering wheel as if driving the car.

It was cute. Such baby antics always are.

Suddenly, and without warning, the motorist in front of them stopped his car. There was a collision. Very little damage was done to either automobile, but the baby lay dead on the aunt's lap. The impact had hurtled him against the steering wheel. His little chest was crushed.

It could happen to any baby!

IN Georgia, a woman reached into the cage of a gentle-looking polar bear—and lost her hand!

At another zoo, a monkey—always a favorite with children—ferociously bit a small child's hand as the child offered a peanut.

A beautiful, strutting Oriental fowl viciously pecked a deep scarring hole into another child's face, narrowly missing the eye.

Animals are moody too. Ask the keeper at the zoo. He'll tell you to obey the "Stand clear" signs. They were put there by people who know the animals can be more dangerous in a cage than they are in their natural habitat.

THE ball rolled to the side of the room and came to a stop at the wall. Naturally, the baby crawled to it. It was his plaything, a good plaything, because it was bright and shiny and made noise. He reached for it, and, by sudden tragic coincidence, a picture on the wall fell with guillotine-like speed. The child's hand is disfigured for life.

Of course pictures on walls make a home attractive and prove decorative skill. But will those same decorations jar loose and fall? Do you check yours frequently? Vibrations of all kinds, and the settling of a house loosen nails and screws. In earthquake areas, the danger is even greater.

Why not mark the calendar for periodic checks? The above tragedy occurred in Ohio. It could happen in your house wherever you live.

THE inside of the electric wall socket was bright copper. It glittered like Christmas tinsel. It was shiny enough to attract this baby in Illinois. The tot reached into the socket.

Scores of babies throughout the nation died the same way during the year. Yet the price of ordinary screw plugs to fit those open sockets is so low that neglect is criminal.

After all, safety is only common sense.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Good Hostesses Remember Junior

By Helen C. Hicks

ANNE is such a darling. You love to have her visit—did, rather, before she had that terror toddler. Why, Junior can't sit still one minute! Can you? Try sitting on an oversized chair some day: no book, no nothing, and pretend that you are Junior.

Time after time you say apologetically to Anne and your other friends with children, "I'm sorry. There is nothing for small children to play with here. We're all adults, you know." Then you search frantically for some object which might possibly interest a curious, squirming child.

THIS situation can be remedied easily, but few childless hostesses think of it, it seems. How? Invest in a few inexpensive toys, a color book, crayons, clay, a stuffed toy. A trip through the nearest dime store will give you ideas. Assemble them in a gaily-colored box.

A toy presented to a child guest in this manner takes on importance which far outweighs its actual cost. I know, for I vividly remember such a thoughtful hostess. Twenty years later I still send her greeting cards each holiday!

You might even buy a gay plastic bib (easily washed off), a box of graham crackers, and an inexpensive set of tiny dishes.

Then the next time you see Anne, or anyone else, strolling up your walk with Junior, you can smile to yourself with happy expectations, because Junior will (following a normal child behavior pattern) be happy, too; and happy children are always good.

RENDEZVOUS

By J. Fabian Giroux

An eternity of time has dropped,
Grain by heavy grain,
Since last we met.

All time is but a moment now:
We meet again!

AUGUST 1949

THE NEW

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Maybe you've noticed it already—the way women are hurrying to buy Golden Fels-Naptha Soap and Soap Chips.

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If you haven't tried the 1949 Fels-Naptha Soap or Soap Chips get some today. Get a big red and green box of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for your washing machine or automatic washer. You'll really get a thrill at the way this grand, golden soap gets things fragrantly clean and sweet and a bigger thrill when your dazzling white washes are hung on the line.

Join the 1949 Gold Rush today—
to The Golden Fels-Naptha Soap shelves
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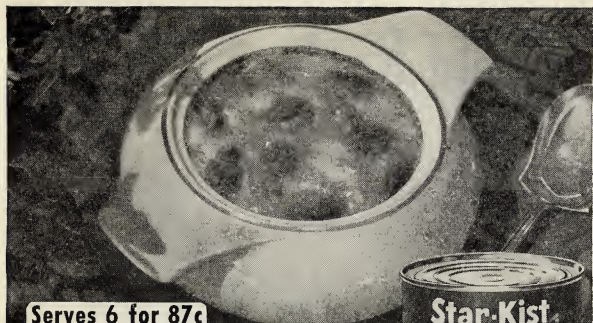
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STAR-KIST TUNA-TOMATO CASSEROLE

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1 7-oz. can Star-Kist
Fancy Solid Pack (or
Chunk Style) Tuna | 1 10½-oz. can
tomato soup |
| ¼ cup chopped onion | ½ cup milk |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1½ cups cooked
noodles |
| ½ cup sliced ripe olives | ½ cup grated
American cheese |

Combine first six ingredients and place over 1 cup noodles in greased casserole. Cover with remaining ½ cup noodles, sprinkle with cheese. Bake in 325°F. oven for 30 minutes.



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BEST BREAD IDEA OF THE MONTH—these Fisher's Bread cups that will make your best creamed luncheon or dinner dishes taste better! Remove crusts from slices of Fisher's White Bread, then brush each slice with melted butter. Gently press each slice into a muffin cup. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) until crisp and golden brown. Fill toast cups with chicken à la king or other favorite creamed mixture. Watch this column for more wonderful ways to use nourishing, delicious, economical Fisher's Bread—truly bread at its best!



Josephine B. Nichols

COMPANY coming—serve simple, easily prepared meals, meals that sound cool, look cool, and taste cool. Prepare them early in the morning and place in the refrigerator until serving time.

COOL LUNCHEON

- Chilled Tuna Loaf Cucumber Dressing
Buttered New Corn
Sliced Tomatoes
French Roll Butter
Green Apple Pie

QUICK MEAL

- Sea-food Shortcake
Tomato and Cucumber Wedges
Ice Honeydew or Watermelon Slices
Fruit Salad Bowl with Fluffy Cheese
Dressing
Nut Bread Sandwiches
Chocolate Sundies

PORCH SUPPER

- Casserole of Chicken and Mushrooms
French Fried Potatoes
Relish Plate
Fresh Peach Shortcake

Fruit Salad Bowl

Choose fresh fruit, peaches, pears, cantaloupe, honeydew, and grapes. Arrange around Fluffy Cottage Cheese Dressing.

Fluffy Cottage Cheese Dressing

- 2 cups cottage cheese
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons sugar

Beat cottage cheese until fluffy, beat in remaining ingredients. Chill.

Whole Wheat Nut Bread

- 1 cup sugar
¾ cup honey
2 eggs
1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup melted fat
1½ cups enriched flour
1½ cups whole wheat flour
1½ cups nuts

Sift dry ingredients together except nuts. Combine remaining ingredients. Add to dry mixture. Stir only until flour is moistened. Stir in nuts. Bake in two small loaf pans one hour at 350°.

Chilled Tuna Loaf

- 2 tablespoons unflavored gelatin
1 cup cold water
2 hard cooked eggs, sliced
¾ cup lemon juice

- 4 7-ounce cans tuna (grated)
- 2 cups mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 2 cups chopped celery
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt

Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve over hot water. Combine remaining ingredients, add gelatine. Pour into oiled loaf pan or ring mold. Chill until firm, unmold. Garnish with parsley and tomato slices. Serve cucumber dressing.

Cucumber Dressing

- 1 cup cream, whipped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup chopped pared cucumber, drained

Whip cream, fold in remaining ingredients. Serve at once.

Sea-food Shortcake Tuna Sauce

- 1 cup flaked tuna
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup cooked peas

Heat soup, milk, and water in double boiler. Add remaining ingredients, cook ten minutes. Make waffles or biscuits with package mix, following directions on package. Arrange waffles or biscuits shortcake-fashion with hot tuna sauce.

Casserole of Chicken and Mushrooms

- 4 cups cooked chicken
- 3 to 4 cups chicken broth
- 2 ounces macaroni or noodles
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 4 tablespoons flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 6-ounce can mushrooms

Cook macaroni or noodles in chicken broth until tender, strain off broth. Make sauce with butter, flour, and broth, season with salt and pepper. Drain and slice mushrooms. Arrange chicken, macaroni, and mushrooms in layers, in large casserole or eight individual casseroles. Pour over sauce. Top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in oven (300°) fifteen to twenty minutes.

Peach Shortcake

- 2 cups cake flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttermilk or sour milk
- 3 cups sliced fresh peaches
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Sift flour with salt, baking powder, soda, and sugar. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add milk, mix only until dough follows fork around bowl. Pat out in greased eight-inch square pan. Bake in hot oven (425°) twenty minutes. Split hot shortcake. Fill and top with sliced peaches, sprinkle with remaining sugar and cinnamon. Serve with cream, plain or whipped.



A language that only you can understand

Your baby has a language all his own . . . but how well you understand it! The cry that says he's hungry. The small sounds he makes while you're feeding him—sounds saying "this tastes good." And when you hold him high—the merry gurgle.

Of course, your baby's welfare and happiness depend largely on the things *you* do. Right at the top of the list is the kind of milk you give him. Is it always easy to digest—causing no harmful upsets? Does it provide all the food substances he needs to enable him to grow sturdy, with sound teeth and straight, strong bones?

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is Segó Milk, your answer to those questions can be a definite "yes." Segó Milk is always easy for babies to digest. Always uniformly rich in the nourishing food substances of whole milk. As safe, in its sealed can, as if there were no harmful germ in the world. And then it's fortified with pure crystalline vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin that works with the minerals of milk to enable your baby to develop straight, strong bones—sound teeth—and to make the best of growth.

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Y. M. M. I. A. General Board Appointments

WITH the approval of the First Presidency, General Superintendent Elbert R. Curtis has announced the appointment of William B. Smart and Crawford Gates to the general board of the Y.M.M.I.A.

ELDER SMART, first assistant to the superintendent of Y.M.M.I.A. in the Salt Lake City Twelfth Ward, at the time of his appointment, is a reporter for the *Deseret News*. Born at Provo, Utah, he is the son of Patriarch Thomas L. Smart of the Portland (Oregon) Stake. He is a graduate of Reed College, Portland, where he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, the national scholastic fraternity. He served in the army for four years during World War II.

Elder Smart is an ardent sportsman, and has worked with Explorer groups in the Mutuels. He has been assigned to the M Men committee of the general board.



WILLIAM B. SMART



CRAWFORD GATES



"Now...the M.C.P. PECTIN...just like Mommy does!"

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IT'S ALMOST LIKE CHILD'S PLAY!

Take CONCORD GRAPE JELLY for Instance! (For 1 Recipe)

HERE'S WHAT YOU BUY! 3½ lbs. fully ripe grapes; 4 lbs. sugar; 1 package M.C.P. Pectin; 12 seven-ounce glasses; paraffin.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO!

1. Wash and crush grapes; add 1½ cups water and simmer, covered, for 10 minutes; squeeze out juice.
2. Measure exactly 5 level cups juice into large kettle. (Add water to fill out last cup, if necessary.)
3. Add M.C.P. Pectin, stir well, bring to boil, stirring constantly.
4. NOW, add 7 level cups sugar, previously measured, mix well, bring to full rolling boil. BOIL EXACTLY 2 MINUTES.
5. Remove from fire, let boil subside. Skim carefully.
6. Pour into sterilized glasses, allowing ¼-inch space for sealing with fresh paraffin.

NOTE TO JELLY MAKERS! For twice as much juice and jelly as ever before from same amount of fruit or berries... SEND FOR the amazing M.C.P. JELLY MAKING SET described on Page 1 of Recipe Folder in every M.C.P. Pectin package.

12 SEVEN-OUNCE GLASSES of CONCORD GRAPE JELLY of Concord grape—sparkling and fine-textured

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET! ...the best you ever tasted—sparkling and fine-textured

"If you can't get paraffin, seal in jars instead of glasses by the "hot seal" method."

More for your Money IN THE NEW & LARGER PACKAGE



ELDER GATES, composer of "The Promised Valley," for the Utah Centennial, was born in San Francisco. All four of his great-grandfathers were Utah Pioneers. Crawford Gates started playing the piano at the age of eight, and later took up violin, viola, clarinet, trumpet, organ, harp, and other instruments to be able to write music for them.

He is an Eagle Scout, a former assistant scoutmaster, and has served the Church as chorister, Aaronic Priesthood supervisor, and an officer and teacher of the Sunday School in Palo Alto (California) Ward. He filled a mission in the Eastern States, 1940-42, where he served as mission music director and conductor of the Mormon male chorus of Philadelphia, participating in fifty broadcasts for the Church. In the navy during World War II, he was an M.I.A. group leader and taught Sunday School in Kihei Branch, Maui, Hawaiian Islands.

At present he has a two-year leave of absence from Brigham Young University music department, to complete his doctorate. He is assigned to the music committee of the general board.

On The Bookrack

(Concluded from page 511)

YOUTH ASKS ABOUT RELIGION

(Jack Finegan. Association Press, New York. 1948. 191 pages. \$2.00.)

DR. FINEGAN, a minister of the Disciples of Christ, has collected one hundred questions frequently asked him by young people. He has divided these questions into twelve groups under: The spirit of the quest, exploring the universe, understanding evolution and history, God, Jesus Christ, the Bible, the Church, the other religions, philosophies of religion, prayer and worship, religious living, and immortality. His brief answers are generally nonsectarian, and in most cases conform to the best knowledge and belief. The book will be useful because of the questions, if nothing else. The answers given are all thought provoking. It is another of the useful Haddan House books.—J. A. W.

RURAL SOCIOLOGY

(Lowry Nelson. American Book Company, New York. 1948. 567 pages. \$4.25.)

THIS latest addition to the American Sociological Series covers the rural field, in which Latter-day Saints are keenly interested. Rural life has changed greatly in the passing years. This book brings together, in a simple but dependable manner, for the use of students and general readers, the facts and theories regarding rural life. It emphasizes the place of social institutions in a rural environment, and the various forms of social interaction among rural groups. There is assembled in this book a mass of material which those interested have been obliged to hunt for, far and wide, in periodicals and books. That makes the book more useful than ever. Tables, graphs, and pictures help to visualize the statements made in the text. The author, Dr. Lowry Nelson, formerly of Brigham Young University, now professor of sociology in the University of Minnesota, has achieved national renown in his chosen field. The series itself is under the general editorship of Dr. Kimball Young, also of Utah origin.—J. A. W.

POEM

By Ruby Zagoren

THE heart must speak or bleed
To silent death;
The heart must speak although
The faintest breath.

And when the heart has spoken
Its weight of words,
The heart can soar beyond
The swiftest birds.

AUGUST 1949

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At Your Grocers

Is Your Quorum Sending The ERA to Servicemen?

FROM the office of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA the general priesthood committee of the Council of the Twelve has received the following communication:

Dear Brethren:

We have just received a letter from the army chaplain at Camp Cooke, California, in which he says: "We have a group of Mormon men meeting once each week and holding their Mormon service and discussion group. The leader of this group has requested that, if possible, we have a copy of your publication available for this group."

Quorum presidencies have been responsible for nearly a year to secure for men in the military services subscriptions to THE IMPROVEMENT ERA and *Church News* from quorum funds. This applies to those bearing the Aaronic as well as the Melchizedek Priesthood.

At this camp there is a large concentration of L.D.S. servicemen, but apparently not a single one, if this report is correct, is receiving THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. We emphasize again the request that all quorums meet this responsibility without delay.

During the recent worldwide conflict many glowing letters of praise and appreciation were received from servicemen concerning the important part THE IMPROVEMENT ERA played in their lives. This messenger of faith, encouragement, and admonition is a timely and welcome friend of servicemen. It may do much to keep these young men away from home supplied with the highest type of reading matter. In a number of cases it has also proved to be a valuable missionary among those in search of truth.

Stake leaders charged with the supervision of servicemen activities are requested to make every reasonable effort without delay to effect this program through Melchizedek Priesthood quorums and ward bishoprics to insure every L. D. S. serviceman's receiving "the Church's greatest missionary."

Softball Program Meets With Ready Response

UNDER the able leadership of the all-Church softball committee, nearly all stakes in the Church as well as some missions are participating in what may well be the largest softball league in the United States. Competition is now at its height and stake championships are being determined so winners may engage in the regional playoffs.

Plans are now under way to conduct the all-Church softball championship playoff at Salt Lake City on September 15, 16, and 17. Winners from each of the thirteen divisions will contest for the honor of being named Church champions for 1949.

This is the first year of a softball program conducted on a Churchwide basis. Several stakes have had teams of elders engage in this sport for a number of years and in some areas inter-stake playoffs were conducted, but this marks the inaugural year for extending this activity throughout the Church.

Excellent teams are playing in many stakes and, as usual, there is a keen spirit of friendly rivalry. California teams are reaching out for the coveted championship trophy while those in Arizona, Utah, Idaho, and neighboring states predict victory for themselves. Before the final game is played, there will be considerable speculation as to a possible championship team, but after all competition is past, the close ties of friendship formed in such participation will remain the biggest single prize, and teams will return home to begin making plans which will assure them of greater triumphs for the next year.

While we wish gratifying success for all teams, we join with them in saying, "May the best team win." Each team, of course, considers itself that "best" team.

Reprinted 1949 Lesson Text Now Available

THE supply of 1949 Melchizedek Priesthood lesson texts was exhausted several weeks ago. Word has just been received from the printer that an additional supply is now available for purchase. These may be purchased in person or by mail from the Desert Book Company, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City 10, Utah.

This lesson outline will sell for forty cents a copy over the counter and forty-five cents a copy by mail partially to defray the recently increased postal costs. The supply is limited, so quorums and individuals are urged to secure their copies while the supply lasts.

Printing of the 1950 lesson text has commenced. Announcement will be made on this page as soon as it is available for purchase.

Melchizedek

Priesthood Record Keeping Supplies Simplified

PRINTING of greatly simplified roll, report, and minute books is now under way. The new record book combines a roll and record section, a financial record, minutes, and reports. The same basic record is adapted for use of quorums and groups in stakes as well as missions. This will be welcome news to quorum presidencies and secretaries.

All items will be in large print, and the information requested is stated in such a way that detailed instructions are unnecessary. Each page of the roll and record section provides space for forty names, listing all vital data together with a record of activities. This will enable the entire membership of most quorums and groups to be written on one to three pages, although books with more pages for larger quorums will be available.

Each record will be used for one calendar year. Following completion, it will be filed in the Church Historian's office with other essential records.

The size of the books is much smaller. Reports likewise will contain a limited amount of easy-to-understand information. One book will contain all the records and reports necessary.

It is anticipated that these supplies will be available within a short time. Announcement will be made on these pages of a later issue of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA as soon as stakes and missions may place their orders.

More detailed information concerning them will be published later.

Truth will endure for ever and for ever, and every man that preaches the gospel of salvation may take the old text that some of us took in the commencement of the building up of the kingdom of God upon the earth in the last days. I took truth for my text, salvation for my subject, and the whole world for my circuit, to go as far as I could and talk all I could about it. It takes every truth from every sect and party. What! in a civil capacity also? Yes. All law, all powers, all kingdoms, and all thrones,—in fine, all things are under the control of God.—Brigham Young.

Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE — HAROLD B. LEE, CHAIRMAN; EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARK E. PETERSEN, HENRY D. MOYLE, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MCKAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS, RICHARD L. EVANS, OSCAR A. KIRKHAM, S. DILWORTH YOUNG, MILTON R. HUNTER, BRUCE R. MC CONKIE

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

Alcoholics in Industry

FROM the *Quarterly Journal of Studies On Alcohol*, we learn that conservative statistical estimates show that 2,060,000 alcoholics are regularly employed. One million three hundred seventy thousand male alcoholics are employed in manufacturing plants, by construction companies, and by public utilities. The male alcoholic in industry loses an average of twenty-two working days annually—a total of 29,700,000 working days from the acute effects of alcohol alone. In addition, the alcoholic loses each year two days more than non-alcoholics because of various ailments. The alcoholic is responsible annually for 1,500 fatal accidents at work, and 2,850 fatal accidents at home, in public places, and in traffic. This is an accident rate of 321 for each 100,000, which is twice that of the non-alcoholic. The working life of the chronic alcoholic is reduced by approximately twelve years. A severe loss to industry occurs when an experienced worker, or executive is dismissed because of excess drinking. Estimates of the cost to industry of alcohol addiction among employees are staggering.

Investigation of Crime Crisis

Bishop Wilbur E. Hammaker, executive vice president of the board of temperance of the Methodist Church, in a release to the press, calls for the appointment of a presidential commission to investigate the crime crisis, stating that we are in danger of being overwhelmed by a calamity of major proportions.

Slowly, but surely, the mind of America is becoming aware of a continuing orgy of crime. The offenses are startlingly bestial. As the editor of the Richmond, Va., *News Leader* wrote a few days ago:

It is a rare day that does not find in the papers some such monstrous crime as that of the sex murder and attempted incineration

of a six-year-old boy in East Lansing, Michigan.

The stories of all sorts of horrible crimes stain the pages of our papers and, worse than that, stain the lives of our people.

America is beginning to sense the significance of the abounding and increasing wave of lawlessness. It is more than a wave. It is a great and rising tide. As a public leader said a few days ago, and he was not a "Dry," or a "Preacher":

The criminal situation is so grave that it calls for a study at the highest level by the best qualified authority. I would ask Mr. Truman to give consideration to the crisis and name a presidential commission to investigate the new prevalence of crime.

Some such official cognizance of our frightful disregard of all human rights by the criminally inclined section of our population is due, long overdue. We might as well look with open eyes at what is happening when there is no prohibition of the liquor traffic. In the twenties and early thirties of this century, the blame for bad conditions was laid at the door of the Drys. The goat was Prohibition.

Is the blame now to be laid at the door of repeal and legalized liquor? That would seem to be fair. Especially, would that be a just indictment in view of current newspaper stories? In almost every instance of brutal murder or horrible crime, the reporter on the trail soon scents alcohol. Honest reporting constrains him to write in this vein: He or she had been making a round of the taverns. He or she or they were under the influence. Yes, it is time that the nation took time to stop, look, and listen.

The matter is so extremely serious, that others than reformers and near reformers should be taking a hand. We are in danger of being overwhelmed by a calamity of major proportions. The stench of nations that have died of rottenness cannot be escaped by anyone who travels along the road of history through the successive centuries. Morals are not luxuries; they are necessities.

Liquor by the Drink

A legislative committee in Texas

has rejected the proposal to legalize the sale of liquor by the drink. Such laws inevitably result in the opening of cocktail rooms, which always prove a demoralizing influence on young people of the "better class" homes. It is in these drinking places that they make contacts with underworld characters. Liquor by the drink also serves the convenience of night clubs, which are perhaps responsible for more drunken driving than any other influence in metropolitan areas.

A Pledge Asked

ACCORDING to the *Denver Post*, May 20, 1949, at the ninety-second annual convention of the Southern Baptists, held in Oklahoma City, all six million Baptists, from President Truman down, were asked to sign a pledge for total abstinence from liquor.

In this column several months ago attention was called to a movement of the Methodist Church in the United States to secure a similar pledge from its members.

It was in 1808, we learn, that Dr. Billy James Clark, a distinguished physician, organized the first temperance society in America. The pledge taken by its members read:

No member shall drink rum, gin, whisky, or any distilled spirits or composition of any of them, except by the advice of a physician, or in case of actual disease, also except at public dinners.

It was not until 1826 that the organized temperance forces became convinced that moderation in the uses of spirituous liquors as a solution of the problem was impractical. Thomas Jefferson was one of the first men of that day to become convinced of this. It was in this year that this conviction had become common to all temperance people of the day, so the pledge of the American Temperance Society in that year called for total abstinence from the stronger drinks. In part the pledge read:

We, whose names are hereunto annexed, believing that the use of ardent spirits as a drink is not only needless but also harmful to the social, civil, and religious interests of men: . . . We do therefore agree that we will not use or traffic in it, that we will not provide it as articles of entertainment, or for persons in our employment, and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance the use of it in the community.

Thus the temperance movement in the United States was begun and succeeded in 1920, in getting national prohibition. Many accepted this as ending the curse of liquor in America and became quiescent, only to learn that laws, however good, do not enforce themselves.

Dealing With the Absentee

A FEW leaders feel it an "unjustice" that the quorum must now account for members living away from home since the Standard Quorum Award enrolment was discontinued as of January 1, 1949.

It is recognized that in a few isolated cases, and especially in very small groups, a boy living away from home and in such location as to preclude any Church activity, may bring down quorum or group records to the point where the earning of the award will be impossible. In such cases, we have been asked for some adjustment of the requirements to meet this situation.

We cannot modify the requirements—they stand as published. Where it becomes entirely impossible for a small group to qualify for the quorum award because of an absentee member, there still remains the individual award for personal excellence. After all, we feel our first concern should be the looking after of each individual member, letting "quorum chips" fall where they may.

It is a safe prediction that quorums or groups qualifying for the award for 1949 will be those whose leaders and members have paid particular attention to the individual boy, recognizing that the qualifying of the individual is the surest way, the only way, to qualify the quorum or group.

In the final analysis, the elimination of the Standard Quorum Award enrolment as a means for increasing the requirements was preferred over the retention of such enrolment and the raising of the standards.

One other observation: It is a fact that since the elimination of the Standard Quorum Award enrolment, our absentee boys are receiving far more personal attention from bishoprics and other Aaronic Priesthood leaders than was ever the case before.

How can we count it a loss, an "in-



The Presiding

Presenting the Champions from Ingewood Ward, Ingewood Stake



GARRY VAN VLIET
ALLEN EVERLEY JACK SOLOMON
—Photo by Robert Stamm, Los Angeles

In a communication submitted by Melvin H. Johnson on behalf of Bishop Arlow W. Nalder, Ingewood Ward, Ingewood Stake, we are introduced to these Latter-day Saint champions and made acquainted with their records as follows:

An achievement has recently been made in our ward that is not only newsworthy but almost unbelievable.

Each year the Horace Mann Junior High School, one of the largest public schools of Los Angeles with an enrolment of nearly

two thousand students, presents a most coveted award to the young boy who, for the year preceding, has distinguished himself as the most outstanding student in athletics, character, and scholastics. This is a perpetual trophy sponsored by former students of the school who are presently renowned in the field of sports. Notably among the sponsors are Gerald Priddy and Lou Stringer of the major leagues in the baseball world.

This award is made at the annual Fathers and Sons banquet, the highlight of the school year calendar. In 1947, this award was presented to Gary Van Vliet (center in the photo). The succeeding year, 1948, saw the honor bestowed upon Allen Everley (left) and this current year, 1949, Jack Solomon (right) was similarly honored. Three consecutive years the award was presented to three young Mormon boys, all of them members of the Ingewood Ward of the Ingewood Stake of Zion.

Gary, Allen, and Jack are just as outstanding in their Church work. All are very active members of the teachers' quorum.

We point up the communique—Gary, Allen, and Jack are champions in "athletics, character, and scholastics," and "are just as outstanding in their Church work." Could more be said of Latter-day Saint boys? May these high standards and pleasing appraisals of their conduct always be the criteria of their lives.

Supposing all Aaronic Priesthood records for 1949, individual and quorum, were to be called in now, where would your boys and your quorums be—in the parade of success, or watching the parade go by?

Idaho Stake Honors Youth and Parents in Unique Award Program



Three hundred Aaronic Priesthood members and L.D.S. girls, with their parents, were special guests of the Idaho Stake Aaronic Priesthood committee and ward bishoprics in a program and social honoring award achievements.

In the photo, Lee A. Palmer represented the Presiding Bishopric in the presentation of three Standard Quorum Awards and twenty-eight individual awards to Aaronic Priesthood members. G. Wallace Fox presented three Standard Group Awards and thirty-seven individual awards to L.D.S. girls.

Following the program and presentation of awards, a lively game fest was conducted by Onan Mechem and Henry Maxfield.

The stake presidency, high council, bishoprics, and stake and ward youth leaders were well represented. A. Wilder Hatch is chairman of the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee. Ross D. Redford (extreme left in the photo) and Leslie Peterson were in charge of this outstanding event.

Idaho Stake youth are already looking forward to another social just like it in 1950 and stake and ward youth leaders are determined not to disappoint their young people.

Bishoprie's Page

Edited by Lee A. Palmer



ADULT MEMBERS OF AARONIC PRIESTHOOD HONOR GROUP ADVISOR ON SEVENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

George E. Manwaring, Liberty Ward, Liberty Stake, was on the receiving end when his class of adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood honored their class instructor in a surprise party on his seventy-first birthday anniversary. He was presented with a book which he holds in the photograph, and with a lovely birthday cake held by his wife, Eunice Walker Manwaring. Other group advisers are Arthur Woodworth, Edgar Kelly, and Alfred Harris.

Aaronic Priesthood Choruses

Planning the Season's Work in Music

AN important item leading to the success of the Aaronic Priesthood chorus is early planning of the season's activities.

There are four phases of program planning which deserve the attention of stake and ward Aaronic Priesthood choristers. They are:

1. Selection and preparation of song material

In selecting song material, thought should be given to its appropriateness for rendition in the meeting to which the chorus has been assigned to sing and the capabilities of the boys to sing the songs. In teaching the songs to the chorus, the chorister should thoroughly learn each voice part to be taught. Adequate leadership is not possible without a proper knowledge of the business at hand. Inspiration and enthusiasm will be the result of thorough preparation.

2. Social events

A program of social activities is a strong force of motivation. Barriers are broken down through social contacts. A more intimate acquaintance is afforded, and a keener sense of appreciation and loyalty is built up which

obligates the boys to respond to the chorister's leadership.

3. Retesting of each voice

Following a relatively inactive summer season it will be necessary to retest each boy's voice. The results of the test should be carefully recorded. Only by so doing can one expect to preserve the quality of the voice and guard against the danger of assigning the boy to an improper singing part.

4. Variety of song material

The songbook *Aaronic Priesthood Choruses* provides a variety of song material. An ample repertoire should be acquired by the chorus which include deeply religious hymns, songs of a rousing nature, and others which are recreational. The chorister should plan his program well ahead of the date of performance and carefully select that which will show the boys to the best advantage and at the same time inspire those who listen.

Early planning is the first step to success.

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY DISCONTINUED

THIS is a brief reminder that the Outline of Study for use in connection with the Ward Youth Leadership meeting has been discontinued.

If you have not read the full announcement of the change, please turn to this page in THE IMPROVEMENT ERA for July 1949 and become informed of the reasons for the change.

We emphasize again that the Ward Youth Leadership is to be held each month and that only the Outline of Study has been discontinued.

Adult Members Aaronic Priesthood

The Value of Accurate Records

A CAREFUL examination of the roll book for the adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood will indicate its usefulness in determining, in the short-term, the status of each member of the group as he renews his activity.

Complete information relative to his attendance at priesthood meetings, cottage or other meetings, or the performance of any Church work is vital to a continued interest in his progress. Most important of all is the record of visits made to the homes of the brethren, for through these contacts barriers are broken; inferiority complexes are overcome; personalized friendship begin.

Well-kept records are an indication of efficiency and provide an avenue by which the committee can keep its finger on the activity pulse of each adult member of the Aaronic Priesthood.

FIRST INDIVIDUAL CERTIFICATES OF AWARD FOR NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION

These happy recipients of Individual Certificates of Award are the first of the Aaronic Priesthood members and of the L.D.S. girls to receive this recognition in the Northern California Mission. The awards were presented at a recent conference of the Klamath Falls District. We are delighted to welcome these youthful successes to the award family of approximately 26,518 young men and young women for the year 1948.

Left to right, front row: Gilbert Denny, Lyle Shaffer, Jahala Shaffer (presented Golden Gleaner pin), Nadean Morris, Clair Schiffman. Back row, Arvid Carlson, Robert Shirley, Kay Bekke, Eleanor Jones, Edna Morris, Donna Peterson, Doyle Schiffman.



For the Youth of the Church

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O Ye Of Little Faith

(Concluded from page 503)

of protection. Her parents had gone ahead, and she searched the gaunt faces. They all looked the same—filled with hope, yet hopeless. No one noticed her. They all watched the stocky man with the brown hair and bushy beard. They drank in every word he said as the parched earth would drink in the rain they all prayed for.

He bowed his head. And every head before him bowed too. He prayed, with simple words—eloquent because of their simplicity. He thanked the Lord for the many blessings bestowed upon his children, for the guidance he had given them, for the beauties he had put into their lives. He asked blessings on all who were in need and who were deserving. But for this great body of people before him, he asked only one thing—rain. The prayer was perhaps twenty minutes long. And not a head had been raised. Even Amanda's young impatience was quieted.

And then it began. A soft patter enveloped the pavilion in which the congregation sat. It rose from a whispering promise to a roaring fulfillment. The prayer was ended, but the multitude sat with their heads still bowed, afraid to see what their faith and prayers had wrought. And when they finally looked; wonder and fear and ecstatic joy filled them and shone from their faces.

Amanda and the stocky man were the only ones standing—and the only ones who looked not-at-all surprised but exceedingly pleased. Amanda scanned the crowds again with a little frown then walked down the long aisle to the stalky man who held out his hand to her.

"I can't find Mommy and Daddy. Would you like to share my umbrella?" she said proudly. And the two of them walked out into the rain, hand in hand, under the leaky old umbrella.

BETROTHED

By Elizabeth Reeves Humphreys

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THE FORT ON THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from page 508)

on the half-naked desert hills, but not in the thick grass and flowers of the mountain, and the years proved that the Piutes had not dreamed in vain.

By the spring of 1883, Bluff ditch with its cribs, its washouts, its breaks, and its indispensable cleanings every new moon from the silt spit into it by the path of the river, had cost the people \$69.00 an acre for all the land they still had left to cultivate. That amounted to \$48,300.00 for their seven hundred acres. Their tithing for the previous year was \$760, about \$25.00 to the man. Even then it was not intended to represent a tenth of their gain; part of it was deliberately paid on loss for better returns next year.

In the spring of 1884, Mitchel, who ran the trading post twenty-five miles up the river, suddenly broke off friendly relations with the Indians again, and ordered soldiers to his assistance. This time it was a killing, and the Indians received the blame. In a quick minute he touched off the Indian situation in San Juan where it was most desperately inflammable, the fighting zone where Utah's Indian annoyances had all been concentrated. The very first howl of the trouble rode at once on the wind to the most remote camp. The Navajos moved back twenty miles from the river to their mountains, but the Piutes registered their response by killing more cattle, painting their faces in hideous colors, and bellowing their war chant all night in eager relish of the prospect.

Although Indian wars had become a thing of the past in all the rest of Utah, San Juan was still the delicate safety valve where, if the pressure became too strong, it could blow off without disturbing people on the outside. That Mitchel trading post, getting hot and smoking at every change of the moon was a source from which a disastrous flame could start suddenly and spread soon to the far-away, if not checked in its early stages.

For the best good of the Indians, and the welfare of everybody con-

cerned, the way to head off these wild starts, with fairness to all, was the way Hamblin had headed them off, and brought them, by good will and kindness, to his way of thinking. There was always the Indian's side to the trouble, a side which no fair mind could ignore. The diligence with which Hamblin always took that side into careful account was the main source of his power of persuasion.

All the same, how was Bluff with its wretched ditch in the sand, its pony-teams, its tribulation with a complete circle of enemies, and its accumulation of poverty, ever to soothe the wild native passion when once it became inflamed? The colony was distressed and afflicted with unending commotion. A weight of gloom like dark shadows hung threateningly over them in its great isolation. The gloom was not only in their world of thought, but black clouds above them also poured out torrents of rain on their mud roofs, and the water came drizzling through on everything in their homes. It rained all over the wide river basin above them, and the river roared more and more angrily over its bed of quicksand and climbed its banks with startling rapidity.

The people felt great anxiety for those of their number who had been caught by the storm on the range or the freight road, and they kept a close vigil day and night lest the river should sweep them away. Yet the wrath of the torrent was no more to be feared than the wrath of the Indians because of the soldiers and the popular way of soldiers with women. The Piutes chanted their war songs from dusk till dawn with an eagerness to see the trouble develop, but the Navajos kept far back to the south of the river.

Anguish of dread dragged on the heart throbs of helpless women and children in the mud-soaked fort—anguish smothered to silence lest it should be intensified by expression; dread of violent man and violent elements, painted Indians, desperate white men loaded with guns, the wicked old San Juan making war on its banks with dreadful

flotillas of driftwood and seething depths of quicksand!

Bluff was pitifully at the mercy of a multitude of enemies, but to its stalwarts it was at the mercy of God only.

Necessity of food, clothing, and many things called men away to the range and the road, no matter the hazard; and families without their protectors lived ever in grave concern. On many a terrible night the writer's mother knelt with her children and prayed heaven to temper the fierce elements and to soften the hearts of the Indians towards the helpless little townspeople. No prayer was complete with these vital matters omitted.

While the rains descended and the floods came, that detachment of soldiers continued near the Mitchel post, and the Navajos kept away from all their visible territory across the river. Something ominous hovered over their empty dwellings and silent campgrounds. Rumbling echoes drifting back from the hills where they had gone sounded not like fear, but rising anger. Navajo Jim Joe and some of the wise leaders might be able to discern between the peaceable people of the fort and the hostile men from the outside, but the hot-headed masses could be guided by nothing but their craving for revenge. The river was too terrible for them to cross in the night, and at its present fury they would not brave its current in the daytime. So the people watched the rising flood and sent their anxious gaze searching through the storm for any sign of hostilities beyond it. In the darkness they heard above the steady purr of the rain and the roar of the flood, the strong voice of a man, calling—calling. The voice echoed in the cliffs; although they could not make out the words, it alarmed them, for it seemed to come from the other side of the stream. They approached through storm and the night as near as they could and shouted asking who spoke, and what was wanted. At length by supreme effort the voice made its message clear: it was Jim Joe; he had come back through the darkness from distant camps to tell

(Continued on page 530)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Books of Remembrance

By David R. Roberts

THE great Patriarch Abraham wrote:

But the records of the fathers, even the patriarchs, . . . have I kept even unto this day, and I shall endeavor to write some of these things upon this record, for the benefit of my posterity that shall come after me. (Abraham 1:31.)

Some four hundred years later Moses wrote:

And a book of remembrance was kept, in the which was recorded, in the language of Adam, for it was given unto as many as called upon God to write by the spirit of inspiration. (Moses 6:5.)

Then Moses quotes Enoch the seventh great patriarch from Adam who said:

For a book of remembrance we have written among us, according to the pattern given by the finger of God; and it is given in our own language. (*Ibid.*, 6:46.) . . . a language which was pure and undefiled. (*Ibid.*, 6:6.)

Pursuant to the teachings of this scripture, the descendants of Hugh and Mary Owens Roberts of Denbighshire, Wales, proceeded to gather, tabulate, and arrange, in an orderly way, all of the information of every kind and from every source that it could be secured concerning that noble pioneer couple, their ancestry, and their descendants. The work of gathering this information began in the early 1920's and continued until the autumn of 1928 when it was published in a loose-leaf book containing 420 pages. (Since that time there have been 150 pages added to it.) It has been divided into sections, including the early history of the family and surroundings in Wales, the home, accepting the gospel, persecution, Hugh Roberts, president of Eglwys Bach Branch of the Church, migration to Zion with its attendant events, settling in the valleys of the mountains. Next is the genealogical section which tabulates on the then approved forms, the families, with three family groups to the page. This form determined the shape of the book.

The book is made up of many interesting subjects; there are biography, history, records of births,

baptisms, confirmations, ordinations, missions, church, civic, school, and business activities, moves, migrations, faith-promoting stories—all of interest that could be secured—a resumé of human life.

In October 1928, a copy of this book was placed in the library of the Genealogical Society of the Church.

In 1939, Bishop Joseph Christenson said:

The Hugh Roberts record was, in my opinion, an inspiration for the Book of Remembrance in the Church and has helped to formulate something that will live forever in the hearts of good people everywhere.

Brother Archibald F. Bennett said:

When we were looking for ideas which could be used with impressive effect in the Book of Remembrance, then [1930] being introduced in connection with junior genealogical work, we found the Hugh Roberts family record very helpful.

During the 1930's some of the descendants of David and Catherine Roberts of Meirionethshire, Wales, gathered all the information they could from every source possible, including the records of the Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City, Utah, and compiled and arranged it in a Book of Remembrance containing 256 pages which was published in 1940 in loose-leaf form and to which six pages have since been added.

In December 1946, there was prepared a "Lesson Outline," or course of study of the general subject matter of this David Roberts book for use in family home evening programs, during the Pioneer Cen-

tennial year and—or at any time thereafter. The story of the pioneers of the family is tied into the fulfillment of the prophecies of the ancient prophets. By reading the story of their conversion to the gospel, and of their coming over the sea and land to Zion as they did, then reading the prophecies, one would be inclined to think that the prophets saw, in vision, their peculiar situations and recorded them. To say the least, it is strikingly coincident. It is faith-promoting. The outline closes with a long lesson on gospel subjects.

If those books had not been compiled when they were, much valuable material would have been lost. As it is, very many precious things have been lost because this gathering of material was not commenced fifty years ago. The peculiar gathering of Israel in the last days was to be and is one of the greatest events in world history. In justice to ourselves and our posterity we should know all there is to know about the participation of our own pioneer ancestors in connection with it.

There is now preserved, in those books, information of priceless value to posterity. What a pity it is that more information has not been preserved of the lives of our noble pioneer ancestors. They deserve it and posterity is entitled to know of it. To accomplish it takes time and money, but it is worth it. What a wonderful sense of real joy and supreme satisfaction there is in the realization that one has done his duty in this regard as best he could amidst a lot of most trying and difficult circumstances.

We should honor our pioneer ancestors with the stories of their splendid lives and achievements. In the responsibilities placed upon us relating to our ancestry, the Lord has commanded "diligence." That is necessary. Nothing can be accomplished through halfheartedness or indifference. If we neglect this duty after being admonished to do it, what will be our answer? Let us "work while it is day: the night (of death) cometh, when no man can work." We must do it today, "for there is no tomorrow."

THE FORT ON THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from page 528)

the people of his friend, Kumen Jones, that they need have no fear of the Navajos, but to keep away from the fighting men so they would not be mistaken for them.

What a relief! The heathenish chant and the wild yells of the Piutes echoed still in the cliffs around Bluff into the late hours of night or early morning, but the Mormons had learned to count on a certain immunity from their wrath. This northern tribe had among them certain brave souls like Henry who had already restrained them in a wild moment, and they were more susceptible to his gentle suasion than their war songs would suggest. They contented themselves in killing more cattle, stealing more horses, and making themselves chesty and offensive by looks and words.

The cowmen, the soldiers, the fugitives skulking in the hills, figured it risky business to venture beyond protecting walls without ample guards, yet they all considered the people of Bluff to be in no danger at all.

KUMEN JONES and his wife, returning from attending conference in Salt Lake City, heard in the north end of the county that there was serious Indian trouble. At Blue Mountain they met the big English cattle baron, Harold Carlisle, and asked, "Is there any danger from the Indians?"

"Not fo' yo' so't," drawled the old man.

It was a most remarkable state of affairs, this collection of Utah's thirty-year-old Indian annoyances all tucked away into the remote southeast corner of the territory, for the vital issue to be fought out there to a finish by a handful of poverty-stricken toilers wading through deep tribulation and sinking often to the brink of despair. The storm center of the whole territory was the solitary fort in San Juan, obscured by magnificent distances from every other civilized community, and the only one of its kind still surviving in the west. To the obscure, yet indispensable guardians of this pivotal point, it was a matter of wonder that they

should enjoy favors and immunities seemingly in excess of their importance.

Besides the killings in the reservation and along the river, besides the murders at Piute Spring and at LaSal, there was at least one secret murder of a white man in Wooden Shoe Breaks, and the end was not yet, with more murders ahead. Jim Joe's promise of safety to the people of Bluff if they would stay near home, meant no cooling-off of the war spirit on the reservation. Aflame with indignation, Jim Joe came to confer with his friend, Kumen Jones.

"They have insulted us as a people by their treatment of some of our women," Jim declared, meaning the soldiers from nearby Mitchell's store. "We can't stand it. If we are men and not children, then we must fight."

Kumen Jones threw his arms around Jim Joe and regarded him with sympathetic eyes. "You can't do it, Jim," he declared, "You must not think of doing it. You will be as a weak child in the hands of a powerful man. It would be the greatest mistake you could make."

"But our women! Our girls!" and Jim's light brown eyes blazed fiercely with his gesture of hot resentment.

"I know it, Jim!" and Kumen Jones looked his keen understanding through sympathetic tears, "It's too awful, but you go back and tell your people not to think of such a thing as trying to fight the United States. That would be the end of them. Tell their old men to tell them about *Bosque Redondo*, and that to fight again would be worse than that."

Jim shook his head bitterly; it cut deeply into his great sense of justice to pass such base insults without registering any of the indignation he felt. Yet he could not doubt the word of his friend, and springing to the back of his mustang, he rode away to quiet the cry for revenge.

IN that spring of 1884, the uncommonly heavy rains swelled the old San Juan till it reached the top of its banks, and still it rose. It reached out with great arms across wide bottoms where, judging from the



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size of the giant-cottonwoods, it had not run for at least a century. It ripped into sandhills where no one imagined it could possibly go. It swept away the houses of the people still remaining at Montezuma, and it whittled that Bluff ditch into a hopeless wilderness of mud and gullies. It buried the fields half-way up the fences under a blanket of sand and clay, and it stood two feet deep in some of the homes of the town.

No ditch for that season—no crop! The "white trash" among the hills became more daring, and the Piutes, to say the least, were no better than at the first. Neither had any permanent improvement become noticeable among the Navajos as a people. Surely the mission had failed; it had butted against the impossible; the Mormon leaders had underestimated the difficulty of the work they had assigned.

The people of the mission were reluctant to report again to the Church leaders that the task was too hard, but they were distressed, afflicted, at the end of their resources. They reported the condition of affairs as they stood, and devoted themselves to saving what they could from the wreck while they awaited the expected permission to look for places to make peaceful homes beyond this disordered borderland. They believed that they could find in any direction a country better adapted to human habitation than this sand-bed in the midst of ten thousand thieves.

Joseph F. Smith and Erastus Snow of the General Authorities made the long trip from Salt Lake City to inspect again the important outpost. They gazed with amazement at the havoc of the flood. They heard about thieves, desperadoes, remoteness of isolation with no roads on which to get out; they heard of the festering elements always ready to explode on short notice at this unsheltered end of the trail.

They showed their sympathetic comprehension of all these things; yet when they spoke to the people assembled in the old log meeting-house, they said in substance, "We love you for the heroic part you have taken; you have made a wonderful beginning towards a most important work; and if it is now

(Continued on page 532)



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LOS ANGELES
"TWO PERSONS — ONE CHARGE"

THE FORT ON THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from page 531)

more than you can endure, we release you with our blessings to go, but we cannot give up this essential post. Those who go will be blessed, but those who stay will be doubly blessed."

The unexpected assurance and positive promise in that last sentence, as the people listened, fell soothingly on the sting of their disappointment. Somehow it was the main thing they heard.

The General Authorities promised the people that if they would stay, they would become prosperous;

their fortunes would change for the better; and in due time they would accomplish all the major labors for which they had been called. To Bishop Nielson, then in poverty with the rest of his people, they promised plenty of means if he would stay at his post without compromise. Feeling repentant for having faltered, and accepting the assurance of final success, the men of the fort agreed to stay and tried to imagine themselves going to be successful over all their ugly adversaries.

(To be continued)

MISSION TO POLYNESIA

(Continued from page 505)

but each wrapped in leaves what was left and took it home. Addison found that he had enough left over to keep him and the family he was living with for a full week.

After dinner the people reassembled at the meetinghouse. Following song and prayer, one of the two native kings on the island, Pihatila, arose to address the gathering.

"The purpose of these annual meetings," he said, "has always been to collect taxes for the missionary society. That society has promised to send us a white missionary, but although we have paid this tax annually for more than twenty years, sometimes giving as much as four tons of arrow root a year, they have never done so."

Moreover, he stated, they had learned that the money gained from the sale of the produce which the missionaries said was being sent back to their native land for general support of the society, was being kept by the missionaries for their own use. But this missionary (Addison), he pointed out, had come with no advance pay and had lived with them a year; his teachings and example agreed, and he always taught them from the Bible.

Tamatoa, the island's other king, then arose and bore testimony that what King Pihatila had said was true, and a number of chiefs all bore witness to the same. King Pihatila addressed the group again, making a motion that all fellowship be withdrawn from the society, that *Paraita*

be invited to stay with them as a permanent teacher, that they build a home for him, and that they invite him to send to America for his wife and children.

The motion was seconded and carried by unanimous vote.

If only he would receive some support from his friends at home, even if that support were only a letter! Had he been forgotten? Wasn't anyone in America interested in his welfare? These questions came afresh to his mind each time missionaries from other denominations arrived on the island. They were well-dressed, had ample money for travel and food and supplies, and even had their own schooners. On one occasion the bark *John Williams* of London came to the island with two missionaries on board. The ship had been named for an early-day missionary who had been killed and eaten by the natives of the Fiji Islands. The missionaries, a Mr. Platt, an Englishman, and a Mr. Crowzey, a German, called on Addison. After a long conversation Mr. Platt left, and Addison and Mr. Crowzey continued to talk, discussing Addison's beliefs and his work on the island. Addison told of the success he had, of the healings that had been performed through him, and of the baptisms. The missionary became friendly, stating that the conversion and baptizing of the white men on the island was a remarkable thing, an uncommon occurrence, a feat

probably never duplicated on any island in the Pacific. During the conversation, the missionary looked down at Addison's feet and saw his toes sticking from the holes in his shoes, noticed that all his clothes were worn, and that he had no floor in his house. So he inquired about Addison's circumstances.

"And does your society render you no assistance?" he asked.

"No," was Addison's simple reply.

Writing about the event in his diary that night, Addison recorded that he:

... was ashamed to tell him that they had neglected to send me even a word of consolation when there had been no less than a half a dozen ships here, direct from where I sailed, where there is a branch of the Church of near 150 members, who had promised with all faithfulness to write us at every opportunity, and not only them, but every friend in America, had shown us the same neglect, for we have not received any word from any of them since we left there, which is now two long years, and I think Brother Hanks (who died and was buried at sea) has made a happy escape from this mortification, and were I not looking to a higher source than the hand of treacherous man, for the reward of my labors, crosses and privations, I should have long ago died in the slough of despondency.

AFTER the missionaries returned to the ship, one of the women passengers on board asked, "What is the prospect of those missionaries?"

"Oh, very poor," Mr. Platt answered. "There is but one other, and one has gone home."

"But," Mr. Crowzey reminded him, "there is one on the Chain Islands yet."

"Yes, but no men can sustain a field of labor under such circumstances," Mr. Platt predicted, "and they will soon leave, and their field will be left to us."

After hearing a report of the conversation, Addison wrote in his diary:

But I can tell Mr. Platt that there are some Pauls among the latter, as well as among the former-day Saints, who are willing to administer to their own necessities, when sustenance comes from no other source, and will maintain the contest, and will surren-

(Continued on page 534)

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Mission To Polynesia

(Continued from page 533)

der the field only with their lives, the Lord giving them strength.

How had he lived these long months? The natives had provided him with most of his food. This he had supplemented through his own efforts by the use of his gun.

The Lord had also provided clothing and other necessities as

they were needed. When Addison left the *Timoleon*, one of the passengers had given him a bundle containing "a generous piece of cotton cloth for patches, a pair of scissors, a large spool of cotton thread, skeins of different colored flax thread, and other useful articles." One ship captain presented him with a large Bible, a peck of rice, a ball of lamp-wick, and a canister of gunpowder. Later, his friend, Captain Sajot, contributed a pair of heavy shoes, six-

teen yards of bleached shirting, and seven yards of calico to his wardrobe; and from Captain Joy he obtained four gallons of blackfish oil in exchange for two small hogs. Captain Johnson sent him a twenty-pound bag of white flour (the first flour or meal of any kind Addison had had since being on the island and which he used for making bread for the sacrament). Even Mr. Crowzey, the German missionary, gave him a calico shirt.

Then there was Mr. Caine, who came from Sidney with a stock of goods for keeping a tavern on Tahiti. He invited Addison to come to see him, and after dinner Addison was about to take his leave when Mr. Caine asked him if there were anything he needed.

"No, thank you," Addison said; "I am very comfortably situated at present."

"Ah, I think you are just delicate about making your wants known," Mr. Caine replied. "Come and look in here," he added as he unlocked a large chest of new clothing, "and if you see anything you need, take it."

Seeing some cotton socks Addison said, "I will accept a pair of those if it will not discommode you."

"To be sure, sir," he said in a good-humored brogue and threw out five pairs of various colors. Then looking Addison over, he continued, "I think your summer coat is rather tight. Perhaps I have one that would suit you better." Then he selected a coat, and also a fine linen shirt.

"Now," he said, "is there any other necessity?"

Addison told him that he was not especially fond of poi without a little sugar or molasses with it.

"I have plenty, and it's at your service," Mr. Caine said, bringing forward a calabash which contained about four gallons of molasses. "And when this is empty, come back and get more."

Things weren't so bad with him after all. In his journal he wrote. "When I take a retrospective view of the Lord's dealing with me . . . I can say of a truth, he has been unto me more than I could have asked."

(To be continued)

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IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

(Continued from page 500)

August 17. Now take a turn at that sewing machine. Try out all of those little attachments. Learn about tension and needle numbers. Get advice on patterns. Plan your wardrobe, and ask help from the best sewer, the kindest neighbor, and the most generous person you know. You needn't look longingly at the store models if you learn the art early.

August 18. Methinks this is your grandmother's wedding anniversary (also your grandfather's). Whatever made them get married in August instead of June or September or December—in one of the popular wedding months? Better go ask them. They may not remember, but they'll love having you interested. And find them a little gift to go with a merry note. They won't be with you forever, and after all you do love them.

August 19. Over half the month gone, and you haven't arranged that family reunion yet! I mean the one that includes all the cousins once removed and the great-aunts—all the young and old honest-to-goodness blood relatives. My guess is that there are some you wouldn't even recognize if you met them on the village green. It's been years and years since you let the old cat die as you swung with cousin Joan. This reunion is a time for mumblety-peg, kick-the-can, run-sheep-run. If you're not too strenuous, Uncle Billy may join in.

August 20. How many boxes of stuff do you have on your closet shelves? Old dance programs and stray snapshots and stamp collections—not counting the dried-up corsage that hangs from a ribbon over your dresser mirror? Maybe you aren't the sentimental type, but nearly everyone collects a few things. Even you G.I.'s have a memento or two that would look a lot better in files, scrapbooks, or cabinets. This is a good day to get them out, view them with alarm or laughter, and do something about them. Either make a good bonfire or set up your treasures neatly for inspection.

August 21. A letter-writing day if I ever recognized one! If you have been prompt and valiant in this task, you will find an hour or so

long enough, but if you have collected fifty unanswered missives, you can maybe get a good start on your assignment. Begin right after Sunday School—at least after you've had dinner and called your grandparents. Take time to visit in your letter. Picture your friend, remember him as you last saw him, recall his little quirks—the things you liked best, and then talk as one friend to another. It will be a good letter, I can predict that.

August 22. Shift your habits a little. If you're an out-of-doors fan, spend the day indoors. A change is good for your nerves and skin. Likewise, if you're an indoor girl, get out under old sol. Take it gradually. Not everyone is benefited by heavy doses of sunshine, so watch it. Get up a glow but beware of blisters.

August 23. Learn the names of twelve new trees, twelve unknown

(Continued on page 536)

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IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

(Continued from page 535)

flowers, and twelve unfamiliar birds. Get a book to help you or a naturalist friend. Invite a few other young people to go on a nature hike or to spend an evening studying the heavens.

August 24. Get acquainted with three new people—a child, an elderly person, and one somewhere near your own age. Do each a special

service. Find out something he likes, something he dislikes. Visit with each for at least half an hour.

August 25. Work on your posture. Get a physical education expert to show you how to line up your spine, cure your ptosis, and hold up your head. Practise it from now on out every day the rest of your life.

August 26. Work on your finan-

cial budget for the coming fall and winter—your school needs, your clothing and entertainment requirements—your complete financial plans. Have you a job lined up for Saturdays or after school? Did you earn enough this summer to carry you through your heaviest expenses? Can your parents help you with this problem? Would they like to pay you for extra help around the home or farm? Get this matter worked out—at least in part—right now.

August 27. Get ready for Sunday but have a date with a friend—a fun date but a strictly night-before-Sunday date—one that you can remember with pride and delight. Practise looking ahead ten years every ten minutes when you are on a date. It's a wonderful exercise for the eyes and the spirits of every dating young man and woman.

August 28. A good day to listen to music! Hunt up your favorite records. Perhaps your capacity for musical appreciation is much greater than that of your parents. Radio and the schools have done much in training musical ears. After Church get your friends together for a Sunday sing. How many hymns do you know—beyond the first verse? How well can you harmonize? Do any of you play by ear? It's nice to find out about these little musical matters.

August 29. Try today to do something which is thoroughly exhilarating. Is it swimming, horseback riding, running in the wind? Do it.

August 30. Get just a little better acquainted with your dad. It might mean helping him in the fields a little bit more intensively. It might mean staying in tonight and asking his advice on a few points. Whatever "the cost," it's worth it. You'll have new love, new respect, new admiration, new anchorage to your faith.

August 31. Plan September—a new month—a new day—another great opportunity to get closer to your Heavenly Father, to his plan, his children, his earth, his laws, and his delights.

A wonderful month—August—the last month of "the Good Old Summertime."



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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Continued from page 485)

Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the East Fresno Branch chapel, Northern California Mission.

27 THE first members of the staff of the Presiding Bishopric opened their offices in the newly-remodeled Church administration building.

29 President John L. Clarke of Ricks College, Rexburg, Idaho, announced that the Church Department of Education had given approval to

the establishment of a four-year curriculum at Ricks. Approval had been given a year ago for the establishment of a three-year curriculum with the possibility of the four-year college for the student year 1949-50. This will enable Ricks College to train elementary and secondary school teachers, who under the law in the state of Idaho, must have four-year teaching certificates by 1955.

Plans have been approved at Salt Lake City for the erection of a monument to Brigham Young at his birth-

place, Whitingham Center, Vermont. The monument is expected to be dedicated June 1, 1950, the 149th anniversary of the leader's birth.

JULY 1949

3 TWELVE elders, the first group of missionaries to be assigned to Germany in a decade, left Salt Lake City for their field of labor, expected to be in the American and French zone. They will sail from New York with
(Concluded on page 538)

Peter's Confession

(Concluded from page 498)

out ever passing it on to others, as has been already pointed out. John the Revelator seems to have had the presiding powers at the end of the first century, according to evidence in the Book of Revelation.

It will be well to summarize some of the main points made in this article:

1. The dogma of St. Peter's primacy is a medieval invention. This dogma was unknown to the early church fathers.

2. There are many views as to what Jesus meant by "upon this rock I will build my church." (Matthew 16:18.) It is particularly significant that St. Jerome and St. Augustine did not believe it was Peter. The Latter-day Saints believe that by the "rock" is meant the power of revelation or seership. A more searching analysis of the meaning of *petra* in the Greek text has been given.

3. The meaning of "the gates of hell" (Matthew 16:18) has again been elucidated. The passage has reference to the powers of the kingdom of death.

4. A partial explanation of the "keys of the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 16:19) and the loosing and binding powers has been given.

5. The Latter-day Saints know that Peter, James, and John received the keys of the kingdom on the mount of transfiguration.

6. There is no evidence that Peter or any of the Twelve passed on their keys to others. John still exercised his powers toward the end of the first century despite claims concerning so-called "successors of St. Peter" such as Linus, Clement, etc.

Why 1910 was an important year for the West

1910

was the year that a group of forward-looking California businessmen established a small foundry in Pittsburg, California. The small foundry expanded rapidly and is today the Columbia Steel Company—a U.S. Steel subsidiary which is playing an important role in meeting the steel needs of the West.

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The Church Moves on

(Concluded from page 537)

other Europe-bound missionaries on the *SS Marine Flasher*. Soon after the end of hostilities, mission presidents were sent to Germany, who have been directing local missionaries and Saints.

President David O. McKay dedicated the Pasadena Ward, Pasadena (California) Stake, chapel.

Elder John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve concluded his Sunday evening radio series entitled "Joseph Smith—Prophet of God."

4 ELDER SPENCER W. KIMBALL of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the Stillwater, Oklahoma, recreation hall of the Church.

Evidences and Reconciliations

(Concluded from page 513)

if tied in with the spirit and practice of religion. Standing alone, it is cold, lifeless, inert, soulless; placing itself under the direction of religion it becomes warm, helpful, inspiring, a means of blessing to the human soul.

As science advances and increases, as new discoveries are made, as more complete command is obtained over the forces of nature, the more necessary it becomes that we have a religion to guide us in employing these discoveries. To save the world from science, and to make science the builder of a good world, we must hasten our progress towards the fuller acceptance of God. So, the answer to the question at the head of this article is very simple. In an age of science we have greater need than ever before of religion. A conscience of science is a present need.—J. A. W.

Brigham Young Said:

IF the Latter-day Saints magnify their calling, walk humbly before their God, do the things that are pleasing to their Father in heaven, and walk up to their duty in every respect, I am bold to say that not five years only, but scores of years, will pass away without the Saints ever being interrupted, or driven again from their possessions: thus far it is for our good.—*Journal of Discourses*, i:144 (after five years in the valley).

Testimony

(Continued from page 495)

The Savior, speaking on the Mount said:

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you. (Matt. 5:11-12.)

When he was preaching in Galilee, Jesus said:

For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels. (Mark 8:36-38.)

THE Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost, beareth witness, each of them, to us of the divinity of this work. You will recall that as Jesus was resting from his labors, at Caesarea Philippi, he there interrogated the Twelve who were with him:

... Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?

And they said:

Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.

The Savior then asked:

But whom say ye that I am?

Peter answered:

... Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

And Jesus said to him:

Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. (Matt. 16:13-17.)

We may all have the testimony of Peter. We should all seek for it. If the Lord wishes to add the testimony of the senses, we should be grateful; but the testimony of the Spirit is within the call of all of us. All we need to do to get it, is to live

(Concluded on page 540)

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TESTIMONY

(Concluded from page 539)

for it and seek it; and that testimony when it comes will be in us a burning testimony, a testimony that will be as a fire, if we so live that we keep it. We should see to it that it is fed by righteous works, proper living. We should see to it that it never becomes smothered by the ashes of transgression.

To you young people I appeal: Seek a testimony, humbly; live for it, and God will give it to you. And when you get it, do not be boastful, but be humble, because if you boast, it may leave you.

Humbly, I would like to bear my testimony, a testimony born of the Spirit which I try to nourish and keep burning—that God lives, that he is our Heavenly Father, that Jesus Christ was his Son, the Only Begotten in the flesh, that Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world, that he was born, died, lay in the tomb, and on the third day was raised a resurrected being, the first fruits of the resurrection, redeeming us from the fall.

I should like to leave with you my testimony that the Prophet Joseph did have a vision of the Father and the Son, that through him the gospel was restored, even in its fullness, subject to further revelations as God may wish to give, that the priesthood was restored, the same priesthood that the Savior held, and that he anciently conferred upon his Apostles and the Seventy, that that priesthood so restored to the Prophet Joseph is with us today in the same purity, with the same authority and powers and functions that were bestowed upon the Prophet Joseph Smith.

May God help each of us to gain a testimony if we do not already possess it. May he give us the ability to testify to it and of it on proper occasions and in the proper way. May we always be humble, for humility is necessary to the full enjoyment of the Spirit of the Lord. May he be with us during this meeting. I humbly pray, leaving you my testimony as I have given it, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

BLESSINGS FOR YOUTH

(Continued from page 493)

exception of a few trees and willows along the streams that came down from the mountains."

"But," they have replied in wonderment, "see what it is like now."

I have had a number of people who have traveled the world over say: "We have never seen such a beautiful place to live in," and then they have added, "and your people seem so happy. We do not find people growling and complaining as we move around among you. They are happy and smiling."

Then I have been able to say to them: "All happiness that is worthy of the name is the result of keeping the commandments of our Heavenly Father—all happiness."

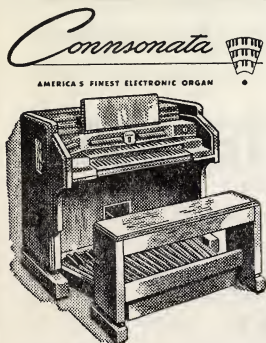
And the visitors have looked at me in amazement sometimes, as if they hardly knew what I meant.

When I realize that I have been taught that from the time I was a child in this great organization of M.I.A., taught to appreciate all these blessings, and when I realize that today, it does not make any difference where you may go in the world, it makes no difference where

you may have come from, today, as you go to and fro in the world, all that you enjoy, all that brings happiness, has come to us from our Father in heaven, how grateful I am. Not only did he create the earth that we live upon, but he also prepared it so that it would provide the necessities of life and joy and happiness for us all.

When those who were unfriendly to the Church drove our people out from the east, first from some parts of Missouri and then from Nauvoo, Illinois, they turned their faces westward to this wilderness; to a section where one of the great men of our nation had said it was not a fit place to live. Our enemies did not know that it was not what we saw at that time, it was not what we knew at that time, that was all that we were to have. Now we know that there is not a good thing in the world, there is not a truth that enriches the lives of the human family that we may not enjoy in these great mountain valleys and in these stakes of Zion and mission fields where the Church functions. All that is worth while our Heavenly

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Father has provided for us. As I see these workers that are here, these Mutual Improvement officers who give so much of their time, I know sometimes that they do get weary because it takes a lot of time and a lot of patience to guide these boys and girls along the pathways that will enrich their lives. Do you realize that from the little handful of people who were here a hundred years ago, we have now grown to number more than a million souls, and that among them more than a million membership of the Church, approximately one hundred and seventy-five thousand are members of the organization that you represent?

It is marvelous to know how we grow and develop under the influence of the Spirit of the Lord. I feel sure that nobody could have enjoyed the program of M.I.A. better than I have, and I stand here now to thank those who provided that program when I was a child, encouraged me to participate in it. I feel to bless those who taught me the value of modesty, of virtue, of all righteousness. I hope to live eternally. They, who were my friends and teachers, will live eternal life also, and as long as the eternities endure those who gave their time to help bless me will have my love and my gratitude, and so this morning I say to this great group of workers in M.I.A., you are "laying up treasures in heaven where moth and rust doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal." (See Matthew 6:20.) You are laying up the treasures in heaven of eternal gratitude of the boys and girls that are under your watch care, and the more you do for them, the more you enrich their lives and prepare them for happiness, the greater will be your joy in their companionship throughout the ages of eternity.

This morning I am happy to meet with you here, grateful to my brethren and sisters who have made my life so rich, given me so many opportunities. If I had time, I could name quite a number who are here this morning. I am going to take time to name one man I saw last night.

I have not been very well, but I got out of bed and dressed, and had one of my family drive me to the home of George Margetts who was

(Concluded on page 542)

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BLESSINGS FOR YOUTH

(Concluded from page 541)

ninety years old yesterday. When I walked up the path to his house, he was standing outside. It was quite an effort yesterday for me to get around, but when he took my hand and thanked me for coming and said: "I am grateful to you for coming," I then realized that I had known that man approximately seventy years. He has been one of those who have served here in this tabernacle as an usher, all these years. He has not received the distinction, of being a governor of a state, or city councilman, or a president of a university, honors that have come to many, but I stand here to say that when the roll is called of those whom our Heavenly Father loves for their patience, for their industry and willingness to do for others that which will make them happy, men like Brother Margetts will not find their names at the bottom of the list, but they will find their names inscribed in the Lamb's Book of Life with the assurance of eternal happiness in the companionship of those they love and have associated with.

We may not all live to be ninety years young, but to whatever age we live, if each day of our lives we do something to bless others—to use an expression of the Boy Scouts—if we do our daily good turn, we will continue to accumulate peace, happiness, love, joy, satisfaction, and it will not be a small thing, but it will be a great joy to us when in the kingdom of our Heavenly Father we go on throughout the ages of eternity.

Our Heavenly Father has made it plain to us that all our blessings are predicated upon observance of law. If we want to be happy in the celestial kingdom, we must observe the laws that govern that kingdom. And when I think of the joy these fine, sweet boys and girls have here on earth, and see them growing up day by day, and realize that they will continue to grow and develop forever, how pleased we ought to be

Every man, conducting himself as a good citizen, and being accountable to God alone for his religious opinions, ought to be protected in worshipping the Deity according to the dictates of his own conscience.

—George Washington.

to manifest to every one of them the richness of righteousness as they observe our lives.

My happiness in the Mutual Improvement organization has been very great, and I want to take this occasion to thank the men and women and the boys and the girls that I have associated with in this great organization for the privileges that have been mine. This is a part of the Lord's Church. It is only one department of it, but a very important one, and those who are called to guide it in the general boards and in the stakes and wards and missions, who do their part, will not be wasting their time, but they will be accumulating for their own satisfaction, to be enjoyed forever, the blessings of the kingdom of heaven.

I pray that the Lord may bless these officers who now have charge of this work. I am so glad to see quite a number of the former officers here this morning, many of whom served a long time. There is one that I have missed this morning, and that is Sister Ruth May Fox. I understand that she is not able to be here today because of her health.

Sister Fox is ninety-five years young. All those who want to make her happy and would like to join with me in sending her our love and blessings, raise your right hand. What a sea of hands! The Lord bless you as he has blessed her, and as he has blessed many others, and I pray that the peace that comes only from our Heavenly Father, may abide with us continually, and that we may not lose our opportunities, that we may not put aside the privileges that we have to bless our Father's other children, but knowing that we are living eternal life, that each of us may make our contribution every day to make this world happier and brighter and prepare it, eventually, to be the celestial kingdom of our Lord. When that time comes and when the Lamb's Book of Life is opened, and there are disclosed there the names of those who have been true and faithful, who have lived righteous lives, I pray that we may all find our names enrolled there with those we love, not one missing, and I ask for that blessing, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

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This Month With **CHURCH PUBLICATIONS**

The Instructor . . .

ELDER JOSEPH F. MERRILL of the Council of the Twelve writes to the question, *Why the Sunday School in the August Instructor.* Elder Albert E. Bowen, in writing on the Sunday School career of Elder Stephen L. Richards, present adviser to the Sunday School general board, gives a comprehensive report of Sunday School activities since about the turn of the century—the career of Elder Richards and the accomplishments of the general board being so strikingly parallel. Dr. Elfriede Frederick Brown presents the second article of the series: Food, Nutrition, Health, and Efficiency. J. N. Washburn, in his history of the Sunday Schools, writes of the first Sunday Schools in the mission fields.

The Children's Friend . . .

AUGUST should afford a gala time for the youngsters who are lucky enough to have a copy of *The Children's Friend* come into their homes, for it abounds in clever animal and circus stories, poetry, and things to do, such as games and puzzles and coloring. The feature for parents was prepared by Elder Marion G. Romney: "Children Should Be Taught the Principles of the Gospel." A section for officers and teachers of the Primary will prove welcome.

The Relief Society Magazine . . .

THE Tasks of Modern Citizenship by G. Homer Durham heads the list of unusual and worth-while features in the August issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. President S. Dilworth Young of the New England States Mission tells about Rugmaking in the New England Mission. Fiction includes installments of two serials: *The Jumper Family* by Deone R. Sutherland and *Joanna* by Margery S. Stewart, in addition to Words and Music by Bernice Brown and Music in the Home by Norma Wrathall.

AUGUST 1949



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Your Page AND OURS

"Speak the Speech"

TWO WORDS that are of common usage—and both good—are sometimes confused by speakers. The words are *incident* and *instance*. Instance means to cite or give an example. An incident is an event or an occurrence.

McGill, Nevada

Dear Marba Josephson:

THANKS TO THE IMPROVEMENT ERA for an inspiring writers' conference and thanks to you for your contribution. Your talk will be a big help to me. I am enclosing the poem I read, in case you might want it for the ERA; also another one* which best describes my state of utter chaos when you asked me to speak.

I'm ever so grateful.

Thelma Ireland

*The poem is printed here:

M. C.

By Thelma Ireland

I'm very conversational.
I dearly love to chat.
I always think of things to say,
No matter where I'm at.
When I do all the talking I
Will hang on every word.
When others speak, I interrupt,
But I just must be heard.
Oh, I can give the best advice;
I'm really very wise.
The conversation is worth while
When I monopolize.
But if I'm called upon to talk,
I'll be struck mute and weak.
The only way to shut me up—
Is: call on me to speak.

North Wilkesboro, N.C.
July 1, 1949

Dear Editors:

DR. WESLEY P. LLOYD, in his articles, "Your Day Is Now," in the May and June issues of the ERA, has done a commendable job in answering many of the problems of youth. The Church and the world need men to follow his lines of

ADDRESSES OF L.D.S. SERVICEMEN'S HOMES

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1594 So. Beretania St., Honolulu, T.H.

thought, who will give to precious youth the vital spiritual food they need.

Dr. Lloyd's approach is fresh, scintillating—like youth itself! I speak for us all in saying God bless him and the ERA family.

Sincerely your brother,
Elder Richard Bassetti

THE LIGHT TOUCH

"My doctor tells me I can't play golf."
"So he's played with you, too."

"It was so cold where we were," boasted the Arctic explorer, "that the candle froze and we couldn't blow it out."
"That's nothing," said his rival. "Where we were the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice, and we had to fry them to see what we were talking about."

"Horses!" said the Yankee to the Canadian. "Guess you can't talk to me about horses. I once had an old mare that licked the fastest express train on a forty-mile run."

"That's nothing!" said the Canuck. "I was out about fifty miles from my house on my farm one day when a frightful storm came up. I turned the pony's head for home, and do you know, he raced the storm so close for the last ten miles that I didn't feel a drop, while my dog, only ten yards behind, had to swim the whole distance."

A guide in Yellowstone Park, when asked why he was lacking the first finger of his right hand, answered:

"I've been a guide, man and boy, for twenty-five years, and I just naturally wore that finger off pointing out places of interest to inquisitive tourists."

TWO PARTICIPANTS IN JUNE CONFERENCE

The theme for the 1949-50 season of M.J.A. was introduced by Marilyn Oliver and Frederick Pingree at the Friday morning session of June Conference, June 17, 1949. In the photograph Marilyn is shown pinning the theme on Frederick.

(See page 494 for addresses by these young people.)



—Photograph, courtesy "Salt Lake Tribune"



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